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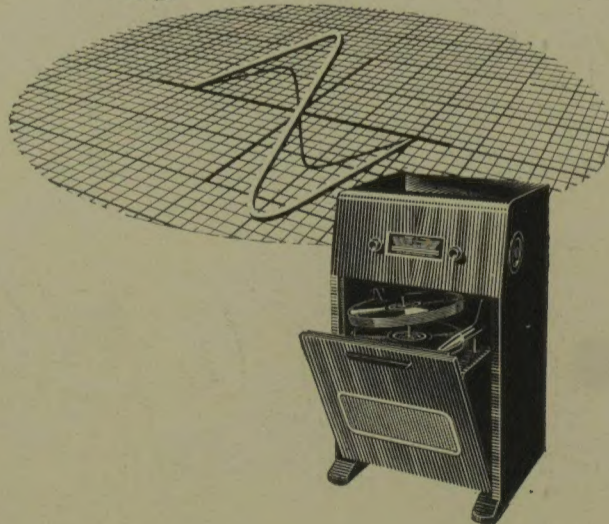


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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1950.



THE NEW REPUBLIC OF INDIA IS BORN: THE PRESIDENT, DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD, TAKING THE OATH.

On January 26 the new Republic of India came into being and was proclaimed throughout India. The first President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, took the oath at Government House, in Delhi. The scene in the Durbar Hall resembled the installation of a Viceroy in many particulars, but all the Royal symbols had been removed. On the "throne" on the dais, the emblem of the new Republic, the Asoka Pillar, had replaced the Crown, the Royal coat of arms had vanished from the canopy, and behind the "throne" stood an ancient statue of Buddha, which was discovered at Muttra. Our photograph shows the Chief Justice of India, Mr. Justice Harilal Kania,

administering the oath to Dr. Rajendra Prasad. To the right, seated (in white), is Mr. Rajagopalachari, the retiring and last Governor-General. Seated on the extreme left can be seen the Premier, Mr. Nehru, with Dr. Soekarno, the President of the Indonesian Republic. A salute of 31 guns was fired, the Governor-General's flag struck and the President's flag hoisted over Government House. In the afternoon following the ceremony the President drove in state through New Delhi, with a bodyguard of lancers in scarlet uniforms, and took the salute at a military parade in the Irwin Stadium.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AS many readers of this journal live abroad, and as some may be confused by the conflicting reports of England that are being proclaimed by our political Tweedledums and Tweedledees, now engaging in their great quinquennial thwacking match, it may not be altogether amiss if I give my own report, for what it is worth, of how we contrive to live here. Some of our publicists would have it believed that we are sunk through misrule in almost unrelieved squalor, penury and slavery. Others—omitting, however, to mention the American loan—boast that we are better off than we have ever been before.

Let us take first things first—food. When we are told by politicians that we are better fed than before the war, I can only reply that for those with the money to purchase it there is far less to eat. I suppose that the correct answer to this is that I was grossly overfed before the war, and that the Government's claim does not refer to the few like me, but to the many who were underfed. I still maintain, however, that, unless, under some invisible system of priorities, the latter get a great deal more to-day to eat than I, they are still not getting enough to eat, whatever their standard of living may have been before the war. Admittedly there is no difficulty at the present time—far less than there was two or three years ago—in buying a superfluity of puffy, starchy foods. But the foods that give vitality and energy—really fresh vegetables and fish, butter, good English cheese, eggs and, above all, bacon and butcher's meat—are hard to come by for anyone who does not either raise them himself or trade in the black market. I cannot recall how long it is since I ate a rump- or beef-steak, a good mutton chop or even a cutlet. A professional man such as I could eat them in abundance before the war. To-day I find I have almost lost the capacity to distinguish between beef and mutton; the weekly ration of either—less than a normal plateful before the war—has a tough, leathery, omnibus taste which even a skilful cook (and there are few in England) can scarcely render palatable. This is not propaganda, but elementary truth. It may be otherwise in the private rooms, and possibly, by now, in the public restaurants of "luxury" hotels—the kind of places in which distinguished visitors to our shores are entertained. But I have neither the inclination nor time to frequent them. I am an ordinary professional Englishman, with as much earned purchasing-power as a professional man in England is allowed to keep, and, though I can stuff myself with bread, cakes and potatoes to repletion, I cannot normally and habitually obtain enough food of the right kind to give me the maximum energy of which I am capable. Nor—and this is far more serious—can the men who work in my fields. In factories, thanks to factory canteens, it may be otherwise. I do not know, as I do not work in a factory. But, looking at the faces of factory workers, I doubt it. If the figures which politicians and Civil Servants quote about calories contradict this, I can only reply that I prefer the evidence of the senses. A plate of fresh, unrefrigerated, English roast beef may or may not contain more calories than its present-day substitute. But in my body, at any rate—and I imagine other people's are not so very different—the one seems to promote energy, and the other indigestion!

The present Government may not be to blame for this state of affairs, nor would it necessarily follow that an alternative Government of a different political complexion would remedy it. Its causes arise in part from circumstances outside party politics, and can only be eliminated after we have made the production of fresh food, both here and in the Empire, what it

should be—priority No. 1. It is probably true, moreover, as the Government claims, that many people are better fed to-day than before the war. At that time there were seldom fewer than 1,000,000 unemployed, whose families were forced to live on a dole which, even at the lower prices then prevailing, purchased considerably less than our present rations. Yet—and this tends to be forgotten—the unemployed were never more than a minority, say, normally 10 per cent. of the nation, and comparatively few even of the unemployed were permanently unemployed. Mass unemployment was a black, a very black, blot on pre-war Britain, and I believe it might have been prevented. But it is misleading to imply that the feeding standards of the unemployed were those of the ordinary British worker before the war.

past thirty years, and probably rather more under the more happily-circumstanced pre-war Conservative Administrations than under the present Harassed Socialist one. But they remain slums, and very depressing ones, and the ravages of blitzes and flying bombs—still only partially repaired—have not added to their amiability. Believing them to have been the chief millstone round the country's neck for the past century and more, I would give my vote—personal predilections notwithstanding—to any party which I was convinced was going to tackle them as we tackled the Kaiser and Adolf Hitler, as an all-out priority: the only way we shall ever catch up with their social, physical and spiritual ravages and get rid of them. No accountancy can reckon what they cost us every year in inefficiency, ill-health and ill-will.

I have only space to mention three other aspects of the political scene—agriculture, nationalisation and liberty. Agriculture is probably more flourishing than it has been in peacetime since the 'seventies; in parts of the country we are even returning, after years of neglect by all parties, to something approaching the high-farming of mid-Victorian days. This is probably due to two factors: Government guaranteed prices and—an accidental asset—the incidence of surtax, which enables rich men to invest largesums of capital in improving soil, machinery and stock-breeding without substantial loss of income. There is still room for immense improvement; if the laws of supply and demand were allowed to operate, farming would become the most profitable and productive of all activities and attract new labour—its crying need—into our still half-farmed fields. Of nationalisation I can only speak so far as it has affected me personally; it seems to be very costly to the consumer—the prices of coal, railway travel and, to a lesser extent, electricity, have risen enormously—but it appears to content the producers, or a good many of them. The morale, good manners and efficiency of railway workers, for instance, seem to me—within my limited observation—to have improved during the past three years, though that may partly be due to the return of normal, peacetime conditions. With a proper measure of decentralisation by the nationalised industries—I am glad to see the Conservatives are stressing this in their election appeals—production morale could probably be raised a good deal higher. As for liberty, this, though there is still a great deal of it about, and those who rule us pay it both lip-service and a considerable degree of real respect, it remains the most seriously rationed commodity in modern England. No man can be sure that his home will not be seized, his work stopped or interfered with, or his freedom of movement abridged

by some sudden Government or Departmental decree. And the right of appeal against tyranny and injustice has been most dangerously abridged. One of the most serious instances of this is the restriction of newsprint. An example of its effect was afforded recently by the affairs of Sarawak, a former Protectorate which was made a British colony after the war under rather questionable circumstances, and whose Governor was tragically assassinated just before Christmas. Though in the past this would have caused the widest public interest, no first-hand or independent account of either the assassination or the subsequent trial of the accused assassin or assassins has appeared in the British Press, every report of Sarawak affairs that I have seen being dated from Singapore, 400 or 500 miles away. This is in no way the fault of the newspapers, but of a system of newsprint rationing which, whatever the economic arguments in its favour, seems incompatible with a free political system.



A WARNING TO OUR READERS ABOUT ONE OF THE EVILS WHICH ARISE FROM STIFF TAXATION:
"BOBBING THE BEER," A DANGER TO PUBLIC HEALTH.

The adulteration of beer, technically termed "Bobbing," is, unfortunately for the public health, a practice much resorted to by the sellers of London Porter. It is principally carried on in "cheap neighbourhoods," and may be considered as one of the evils of the Malt-Tax, as it would be scarcely worth while for the beer-seller to resort to adulteration if malt were free of duty. It is stated to be a common practice for a certain class of publicans to make two or three casks of inferior beer from one genuine cask as received from the brewer. Among the ingredients of adulteration are salt and water; and the above illustration is sketched at the moment when a block of salt is being thrown into the butt; whilst the assistant is mixing a compound called "Black Jack," to which is sometimes added treacle, also to be thrown into the tub. It is not, however, to be supposed that this practice is resorted to by all sellers of the national drink; and we hope that this exposure may be the means of lessening such adulterations, by cautioning our readers as to the flavour of the spurious compound, and the price at which it is sold. The appearance of the adulterated beer is quite equal to that of the genuine; but this factitious recommendation is obtained by other means than those we have described: fine heading, for instance, is the joint result of a copperas admixture, and the effect of drawing the beer through an engine.

This illustration and quotation are reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of February 2, 1850.

There is one aspect of our national nutrition for which those who instituted the present health and school-meal services deserve the fullest possible credit. Though the working part of the nation—and that includes the housewife—is, on the whole, I believe, fed considerably worse than before the war, the children are better fed. One has only to look at them playing in the parks and streets to realise this. (I say nothing here of their manners, or education, mental and spiritual, for that is another matter.) They have, for the most part, rosy cheeks and sturdy bodies. The health of the younger generation is a form of national wealth of the highest importance, though it figures on no ledger or balance sheet.

I wish I could give as good a report of the housing of the children—and parents—in our modern welfare State. The slums of London and our big industrial cities have been alleviated in many ways during the



MADE BY QUEEN MARY AND GIVEN BY HER TO HELP THE NATION: THE ALMOST COMPLETED CARPET ON WHICH HER MAJESTY HAS BEEN WORKING FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS. THERE ARE TWELVE PANELS ALL EXECUTED IN GROS POINT NEEDLEWORK.

A carpet, the making of which has been Queen Mary's chief relaxation for the past eight years, has been accepted by Mr. Attlee on behalf of the nation. It is her Majesty's express wish that the carpet should be sold for dollars, and that the money received should go to the National Exchequer. The carpet, measuring 10 ft. 2 ins. by 6 ft. 9½ ins., is of eighteenth-century design, executed in *gros point* needlework

with birds and flowers in traditional colours on a beige background. All but one of the twelve panels bear a worked Royal cipher. The whole is surrounded by a flowered border to which her Majesty is now putting the final touches. As soon as the carpet has been completed it is to be displayed in London for two weeks. The gift was announced on January 26 by the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, head of the W.V.S.



STRAIGHT FROM THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS TO THE HALLS OF OLYMPIA: A FRENCH EXHIBIT AT THE HOTEL, RESTAURANT AND CATERING EXHIBITION.

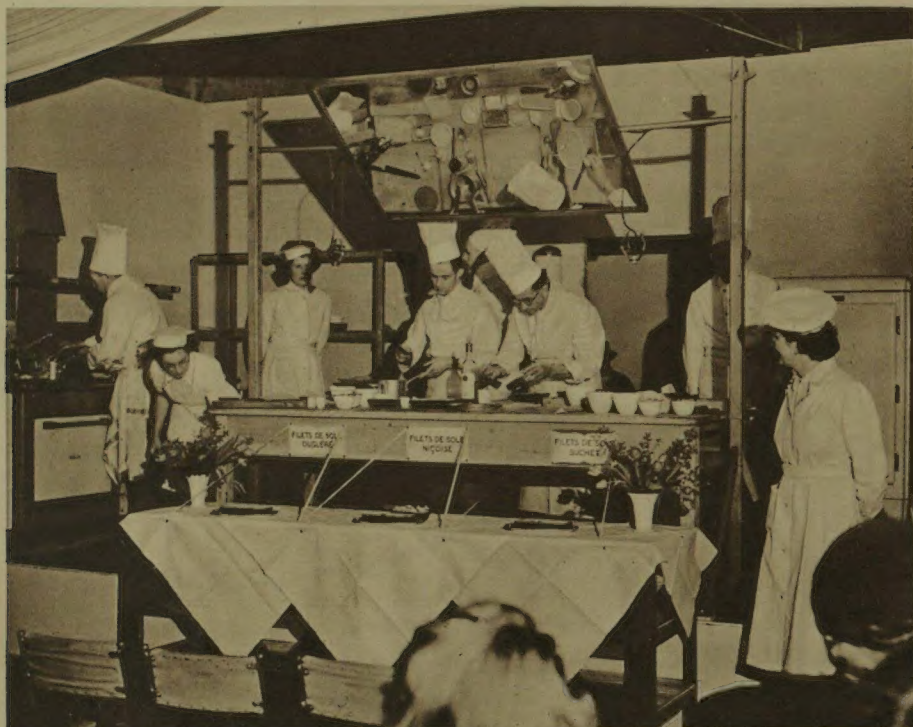
SOME FOOD FOR THOUGHT AT AN OLYMPIA EXHIBITION.



APPROVED BY THE MASTER: A DISH AT THE EXHIBITION SATISFIES HENRY MALET, CHIEF DEMONSTRATOR FOR THE FOOD AND COOKERY ASSOCIATION.



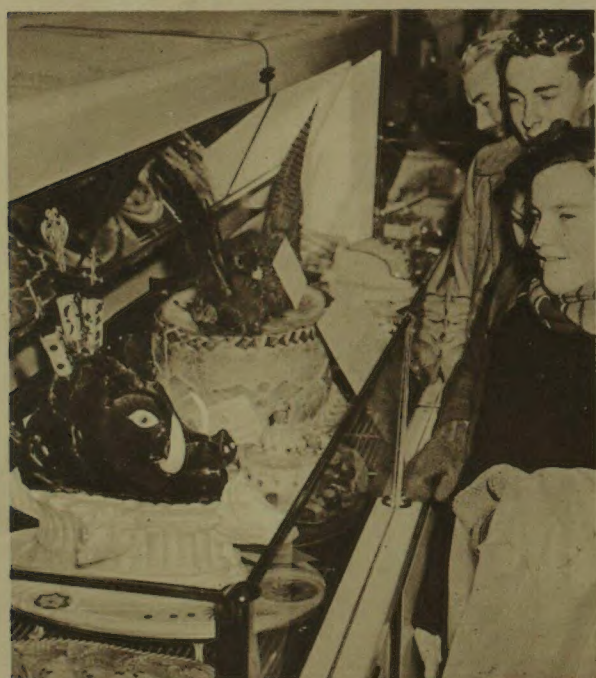
THE INTERNATIONAL COCKTAIL COMPETITION: SOME OF THE EXPERTS, WHO CAME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, TASTING COCKTAILS. BEHIND THEM ARE CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS.



LEARNING TO CONFOUND THE THEORY THAT THE ENGLISH ARE BAD COOKS: STUDENTS IN TRAINING FOR TECHNICAL TEACHING GIVING A COOKERY DEMONSTRATION AT OLYMPIA.



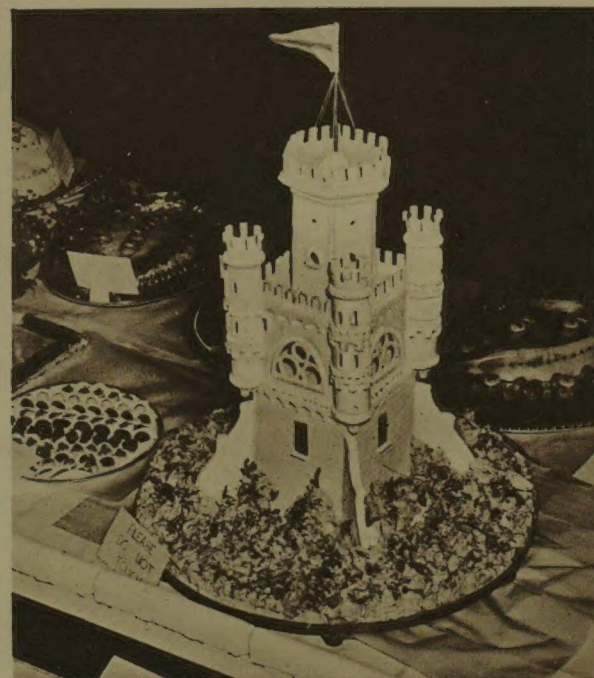
REFLECTED IN A MIRROR: A SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR OF THE R.A.F. ATTACHED TO THE NORTH-WESTERN POLYTECHNIC GIVES SOME COOKERY TIPS TO STUDENTS.



EXAMPLES OF THE CHEF'S SKILL THAT SEEM ALMOST PRE-HISTORIC TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION: A DRESSED BOAR'S HEAD; AND A BRACE OF PHEASANTS "EN TOUTE BEAUTÉ"



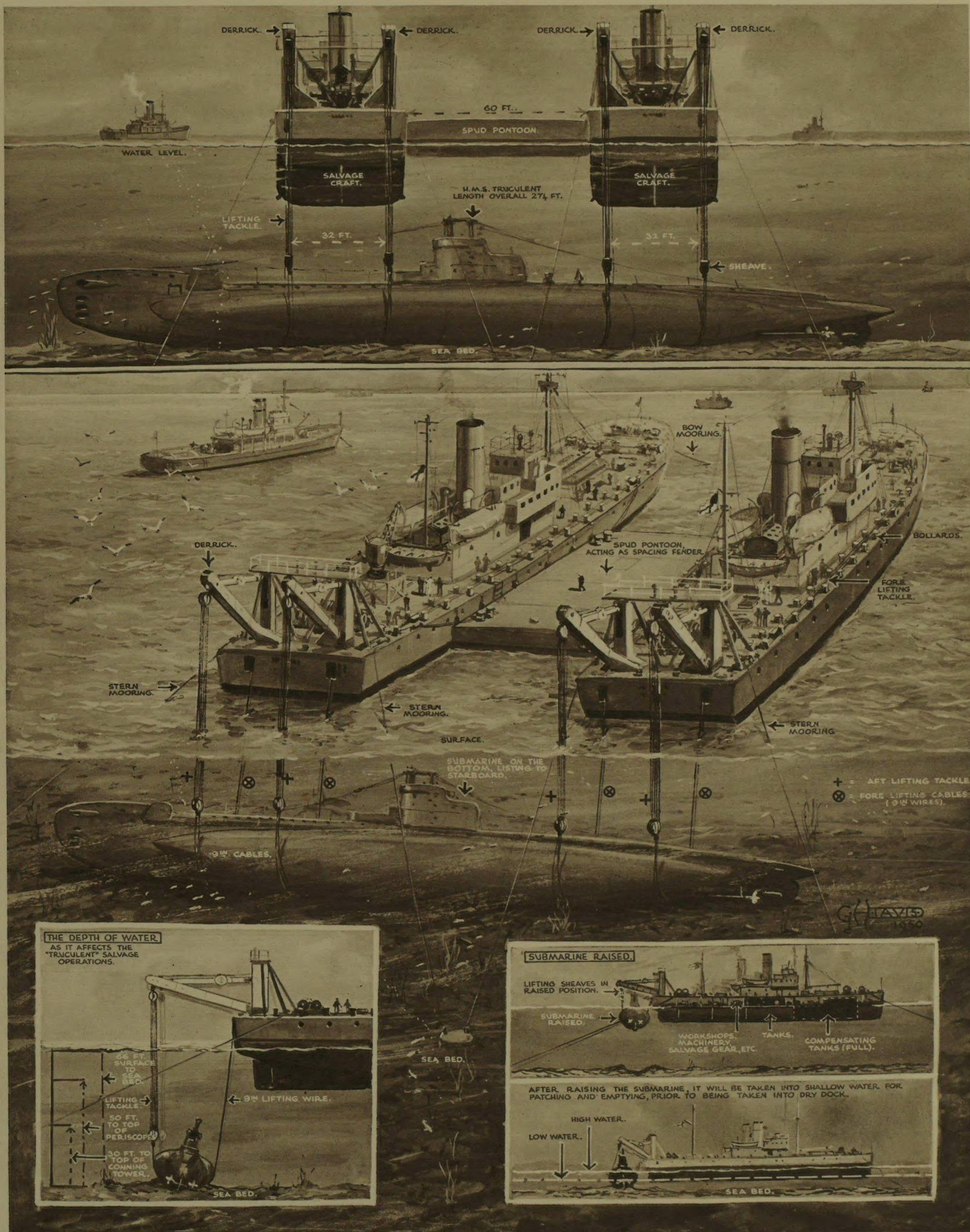
THE CORRECT WAY OF SERVING A MEAL: A DEMONSTRATION AT OLYMPIA BY A STUDENT OF THE ACTON TECHNICAL COLLEGE HOTEL AND CATERING SCHOOL.



REVIVED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1937: THE TABLE D'HONNEUR WHICH INCLUDED MANY MOUTH-WATERING DISPLAYS AND THIS IMPOSING CASTLE OF CONFECTIONERY.

The Hotel, Restaurant and Catering Exhibition at Olympia was opened on January 25 by Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade. The *table d'honneur*, revived for the first time since 1937, drew much admiration from the visitors, who saw masterpieces of Britain's culinary art in the shapes of a castle, a grand piano, a train,

a team of horses and Aladdin's cave. The trade stands illustrated the development of catering equipment. Among aids to quick service of meals a portable container, like a haversack, for hot drinks was demonstrated. Britain's first college-trained milk-bar attendants dispensed free milk-shakes at one counter.



SALVING H.M.S. TRUCULENT: HOW THE SALVAGE VESSELS WILL TACKLE THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE.

The whole of the operations for raising the submarine *Truculent*, which was sunk after collision in the Thames Estuary on January 12, are being carried out by the Admiralty Salvage Organisation, which is employing for the purpose the two large salvage vessels *Energie* and *Ausdauer*. These two vessels, which are among the finest submarine salvage vessels in the world, formerly belonged to the German Navy, and are being brought from the Clyde by tugs, as they have no propulsive machinery of their own. Each 230 ft. long, with a beam of 41 ft., they are stern-lift craft and each have two enormous derricks, as shown in the drawing. The aft lifting tackle is worked from these derricks as shown, while fore lifting cables pass into the ship and then, between rows of bollards, on either side of the deck to a forward

winch. The two craft will be moored at right angles to the sunken submarine (which is on an even keel, with a 15-degree list to starboard), and will be distanced from each other with a spud pontoon, which, incidentally, was built for the Mulberry Harbour in the Normandy landings. When wires have been placed under the submarine, the winches fore and aft will be worked in such a way that the submarine will be raised to the surface. The wreck will then be towed to shallower water at high water until she rests again on the sea-bed. It will then be possible to close the open hatches, blow out the water, pump out the after-compartments, and temporarily patch the damage where *Divina* struck. The submarine will then float at high water and can be taken into dry-dock for repair.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.; WITH OFFICIAL CO-OPERATION.

MAGDALENSBERG: NEW EXCAVATIONS WHICH PROMISE



FIG. 1. THE SUMMIT OF THE MAGDALENSBERG, NEAR THE SITE OF THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS, SHOWING THE GOTHIC CHURCH NEAR WHICH THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. GREEK BRONZE STATUE (FIG. 10) WAS FOUND IN 1902.



TO REVEAL THE LOST CAPITAL OF PRE-ROMAN NORICUM.

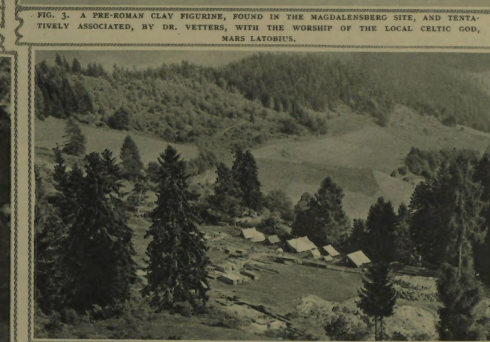
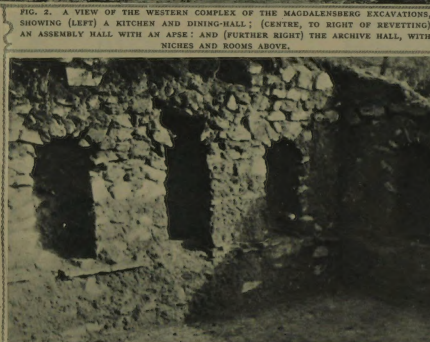


FIG. 7. THERE HAVE BEEN MANY FINDS IN THE MAGDALENSBERG SITE, PRINCIPALLY POTTERY, BUT THIS FIBULA IS AN EXAMPLE OF SILVER-WORK.

FIG. 4. LOOKING FROM THE ASSEMBLY HALL, UP THE STEPS TO THE NICHED HALL OF ARCHIVES. THE PLATFORM (LEFT) IS CARRIED OVER A HYPOCAUST, THE ARCHES OF WHICH SHOW A PRIMITIVE FORM OF METAL REINFORCING.

Recent excavations in South Austria lead to the belief that the lost capital of the Kingdom of Noricum (later a Roman province) has been discovered on the Magdalesberg. Excavation is not far advanced, but the site is considered extremely promising. Dr. Herman Vetter (Field Director of the Excavations) writes:

THE Magdalesberg, a mountain about 3000 ft. high some ten miles north-east of Klagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, has been known as an archaeological site for many years. As long ago as 1902 a bronze statue of almost human size was found there by a peasant ploughing in his field beside the Gothic church (Fig. 1) which had been built on the summit in the fifteenth century.

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 8. THE NORIC NATIVE FEMALE DRESS, RECONSTRUCTED FROM INSCRIPTIONS OF THE FIRST CENTURY A.D., WHEN THE WOMEN WORE NATIVE, THE MEN ROMAN, DRESS.

FIG. 5. SOME OF THE NICHES IN THE HALL OF ARCHIVES. THESE NUMBER IN ALL THIRTEEN, WHICH SEEM TO REFER TO THE THIRTEEN "CIVITATES" OF NORICUM.



FIG. 9. THE WESTERN PART OF THE TEMPLE FOUND AT MAGDALENSBERG. ON THE LEFT, A STAIRWAY, WITH MARBLE FLOORING SLABS IN FRONT; ON THE RIGHT, THE CELLA.

(Continued.)

The statue (Fig. 10), which is that of a young man, is obviously a Greek original of the fifth century B.C. An inscription on the upper part of the thigh gives the names of merchants from Italy and shows us that the Greek youth had been transformed into a Celtic Mars Latobius by the addition of an axe, a helmet and a shield in the first century B.C. The purpose of this possibly was to raise this statue as the specific idol of these merchants from Italy within the temple of the local god, Mars Latobius, situated on the Magdalesberg in the Kingdom of Noricum. Scientific investigation of the site began in the nineteenth century. The first preliminary large-scale work began in 1907-8, but two World Wars interrupted the work. As recently as 1948 a subsidy from the Government of the province of Carinthia made it possible to continue the work, and a staff of experts of the Austrian Institute of Archaeology, under the supervision of the Director of the Institute, Professor Praschniker, and also Professor Egger, made



FIG. 10. BRONZE STATUE OF A YOUTH, GREEK, FIFTH CENTURY B.C., FOUND AT MAGDALENSBERG IN 1902, BUT CONNECTED WITH THE PRESENT SITE.

successful progress. The main discovery is the fact that the site was not only a Roman settlement, but also the centre of the pre-Roman population, an extensive "oppidum," like the Celtic villages of France. Planned excavations were begun in 1949, and the Carinthian authorities, in view of the importance of the site, charged themselves with the undertaking, the execution of it being delegated to the Austrian Institute of Archaeology. The settlement covers an area of about 4 sq. kilometres, and is a natural site lying on terraces on either side. The summit of the Magdalesberg, which formed the centre of the settlement, was suitably fortified. The structure of the inner rampart is most striking. It consists of two walls running parallel with one another, about 2½ metres apart.

The exposed divisions at the ends are filled with tower-shaped casemates. Wooden stockading is driven into the soil outside, as was usual in Celtic defence works. The ruler's stronghold, a temple and some single houses were built within the enclosed area. A pre-Roman clay figurine, unique of its kind, was found there (Fig. 3), and probably represents Mars Latobius, like the bronze statue. After the Roman occupation of Noricum (in the year 15 B.C.), Roman troops built a temple, probably dedicated to Dea Roma and the Emperor, and assembly halls and subsidiary buildings—which probably served for Government offices of the province of Noricum—below the fortress (Fig. 6) and on the southern slope. The large temple is divided into two cellas. Most progress was

made with the excavation of the western part (Fig. 9). A building containing a large hall with an apse and an adjoining hall of archives, with thirteen niches, have also been discovered (Figs. 2, 4, 5). The number thirteen is interesting, since it agrees with the thirteen "civitates" of the Kingdom of Noricum mentioned in Ptolemy. The wall-paintings in the entrance hall, the corridors in the Third Pompeian style and the mosaic flooring indicate a high standard of culture. Special reference must be made to the excellent preservation of the walls, in some places 35 ft. high, and of parts of the upper floor. The southern part of the building contains a spacious dining-hall, a kitchen and pantries (Fig. 2). A building of equal size seems to mark off the square in front of the

temple in the east. The cold-storage chamber, here discovered for the first time, is of some interest, since mention of the technique is made in Plutarch's "Questiones Convivales." The limit of the square to the south is formed by an imposing palace building, built up partly on large terraces in the open slope. An abundance of finds, especially pottery (*terra sigillata*) enables us to fix the date of the Roman era to the early first century A.D. The buildings uncovered are being restored. Only a small part of the site has been investigated as yet. What adds to the importance of the work is that this is the first excavation of a Celtic town (perhaps in its origin going back as far as the Bronze Age) which has yet been made in the Eastern Alps.

SALUTE TO AN ENEMY SOLDIER.

"ROMMEL": By DESMOND YOUNG.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

ERWIN ROMMEL was the one German general in the late war who became a sort of legend in his lifetime. Almost dangerously so. Sir Claude Auchinleck, in his Preface, refers to "a letter which I thought necessary to send to my commanders in the field when the name of Rommel was acquiring almost magical properties in the minds of our soldiers." Brigadier Young has been unable to obtain "even from its author" a copy of this letter. But, needless to say, a copy found its way into the possession of the enemy, and needless to say, the enemy being German, a copy was preserved. They have a passion for documentation and preservation: preservation of papers, I mean. I knew a Czech who was working in Paris when the war broke out. When the Germans approached Paris he quite sensibly bolted to Bordeaux, taking with him his wife and certain trunks containing fur-coats, china, family silver and other treasures. He had to quit Bordeaux in a hurry, thinking not of the Girl, but the Trunks, he left Behind Him. After he reached England I tried to console him by telling him that the Germans couldn't even loot without book-keeping; and that when we won the war he would find that some German officer would have made a detailed list of all his detained property and that it would be traced and recovered.

It was. By the same token, General Auchinleck's circular couldn't be found here; but when Brigadier Young went to Rommel's house in Germany, a German translation of it was stored there right enough. Translated back, it reads: "There exists a real danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogey-man to our troops, who are talking far too much about him. He is by no means a superman, although he is undoubtedly very energetic and able. Even if he were a superman, it would still be highly undesirable that our men should credit him with supernatural powers. I wish you to dispel by all possible means the idea that Rommel represents something more than an ordinary German general. The important thing now is to see to it that we do not always talk of Rommel when we mean the enemy in Libya. We must refer to 'the Germans' or 'the Axis Powers,' or 'the enemy,' and not always keep harping on Rommel. Please ensure that this order is put into immediate effect,

and impress upon all Commanders that, from a psychological point of view, it is a matter of the highest importance."

I don't know whether this circular had much effect: troops are men and thus fascinated by strong personalities, and people at home are always looking for the emergence of such. I doubt if the Duke of Wellington ever issued an instruction to the effect that his soldiers must be deterred from talking about "Boney"; or that if he did, either the soldiers or their mothers and fathers would have taken the slightest notice of it. Rommel was a brave man, a determined man, a resourceful man, a man unbeatable save by death: that was all "sensed" by his Afrika Korps and by our own Eighth Army. And he won the admiration of both sides, not merely because of his talents and personal endurance, but because he "fought fair."

"Our friend Rommel" is Sir Claude's phrase: except in the most bitterly contemptuous way he could hardly have spoken of "our friend Hitler," "our friend Himmler," "our friend Goebbels" "our friend Goering" or "our friend Julius Streicher." "Our friend Rommel" was a term of respect; it is evident from this book that Rommel and our leaders

who opposed him in Africa had an equal respect for each other. The Duke of Wellington's laconic verdict on Napoleon was "the fellow wasn't a gentleman." The verdict that our generals and his British biographer—a soldier in both wars, a prisoner, and an escaper—pass on Rommel is that "the fellow was a gentleman."



ROMMEL—A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH ON OCTOBER 14, 1944.

How greatly he should rank in the list of great commanders is a matter of conjecture: it is certain that he was a very cunning boxer, that he was the first to realise that mechanised warfare in the desert more nearly resembled sea-warfare than land-warfare; and that when Hitler was starving him of reinforcements, which might have won the Mediterranean, the Near East and, possibly, the whole war, because of his mania for getting millions bogged and frozen in Russia, he was always right and was frustrated by the conceit of Hitler (who couldn't bear any other "Great Commander" "in the picture") and the jealousy of the sycophants who surrounded Hitler.

What then was an honourable man and a clean fighter doing in such company? Well, he wasn't the only one who didn't, at the beginning, know what company he was keeping. Brigadier Young, preparing

the Treaty of Versailles still ranked and they remembered their military oath; the Army was a thing apart, it had no idea when it helped Hitler to power that it would have rival, and brutal, armies set up beside, and even above, it. And a junior provincial officer like Rommel, unflinching devoted to his job when on duty, rurally domesticated when on leave, hadn't a conception of what monstrous thing he was serving. Even when his eyes began to be opened, he still thought of Hitler as a rescuing dreamer surrounded by the wrong men. Towards the end the truth dawned on him that he was serving a demon, who cared nothing for the lives or happiness of any breed of men, including the Germans, and wished merely for world-power or, failing that, historic fame achieved by dying in the centre of a universal conflagration, as blind Samson died when he pulled down the pillars of the house.

Africa was lost. The British Army, which had held its own when it was outnumbered and out-supplied in "the Quartermasters' War," mopped up, led by generals who refused to move until they had the equipment necessary for victory, the last of the Germans and Italians. Rommel, a sick man, was back in Germany, occasionally being roused to do a job and finally reorganising, with great skill and energy,

the Atlantic Wall. He was wounded by a burst from a British aeroplane and miraculously survived. He was privy to the "Generals' plot" against Hitler; though he merely wanted Hitler's abdication, did not conspire against his life, and was probably unaware that had the plot succeeded he, because of the respect he commanded at home and abroad, was to have been the President of the New Germany. It would have been a good idea: at the moment we look

like being faced with a new Weimar Republic in the West and a Quisling Germany in the East.

But he was a marked man. There came a knock at the door, two Nazi generals in a car, the option between standing his trial (which would have involved torture and death for himself and probably for his family) and suicide by poison. "I will not be hanged by that man," he said: either he poisoned himself or he murdered him. They wouldn't have liked a trial: there would have been too much public sympathy for him. They were not going to have any post-mortems; so they cremated him. They gave him a glorious State funeral, and then offered his wife a choice of monumental designs. She did not reply.

This is the life of a most engaging man; it is an excellent sketch of certain phases of the war; and there are lively snatches of the author's own personal experiences. The author writes well and vividly, and he has a just mind. Why should he stop here? While information is still freshly available, why should he not settle down and write a full life of "our friend Hitler," or our amazing friend Goering? Our friend Goebbels is adequately displayed in his own published diaries.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 190 of this issue.



BRIGADIER DESMOND YOUNG, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Brigadier Desmond Young was born in 1891, and won the M.C. during World War I. He joined the Indian Army in 1911; in 1942 he was captured by the Germans in North Africa. He was taken to Italy and escaped to Switzerland after the armistice with Italy. In 1944 he went out to India as Director of Public Relations under Field Marshal Auchinleck. He has written another book called "Ship Ashore" about ship salvage.



ROMMEL DURING WORLD WAR I.



ROMMEL DURING WORLD WAR II.



ROMMEL'S SON MANFRED AND FRAU ROMMEL AT HIS FUNERAL. Reproductions from the book "Rommel"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.

for this book, talked to Rommel's wife and son, had access to memoranda which had been bricked up in a wall, and conversed with various German generals of the old school, whom he frankly admits that he liked. Some of the generals managed to resign before the war broke out; others fought because

* "Rommel." By Desmond Young. With a Foreword by Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck. Illustrated. (Collins; 12s. 6d.)



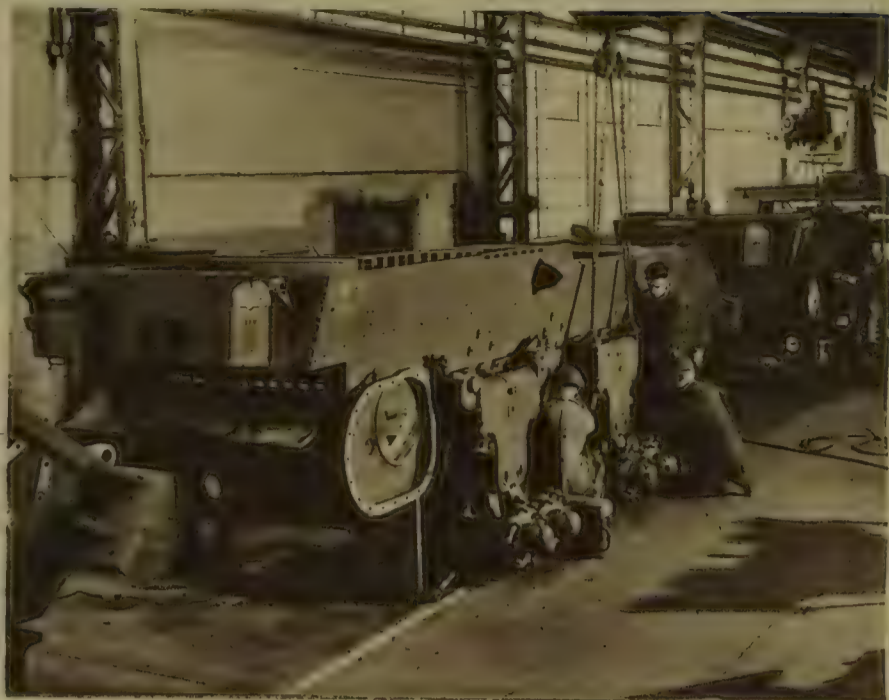
NOW THE STANDARD TANK OF THE ROYAL ARMOURED CORPS: THE BRITISH SUPER-TANK, THE 50-TON CENTURION, ABOUT TO PASS THROUGH A WATER CHANNEL DURING TRIALS.

It will be remembered that in our issue dated October 15, 1949, we published a photograph of three of the new British super-tanks, the *Centurions*, passing the saluting-base at Sennelager, near Paderborn, Germany, during the combined exercise known as "Agility 2," by B.A.O.R., and British Air Forces of Occupation, in which

2nd British Infantry Division, 2 Group R.A.F., 7th Belgian Brigade Group, and units of the United States, French and Norwegian Armies took part. *Centurions* are now the standard tanks of the Royal Armoured Corps, and details of their design have just been released and are illustrated overleaf.



(LEFT.) ENTERING THE WATER POOL TO TEST THE EFFICIENCY OF THE SEALING OF THE HULL IN VIEW OF ITS USE IN CROSSING RIVERS AND STREAMS: A CENTURION UNDERGOING ONE OF THE FINAL TESTS BEFORE LEAVING THE FACTORY.



(RIGHT.) SUSPENSION UNITS BEING FITTED TO THE HULL. THE CENTURION WAS DESIGNED BY THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY FIGHTING VEHICLES ESTABLISHMENT IN CONJUNCTION WITH MESSRS. VICKERS-ARMSTRONG LTD.



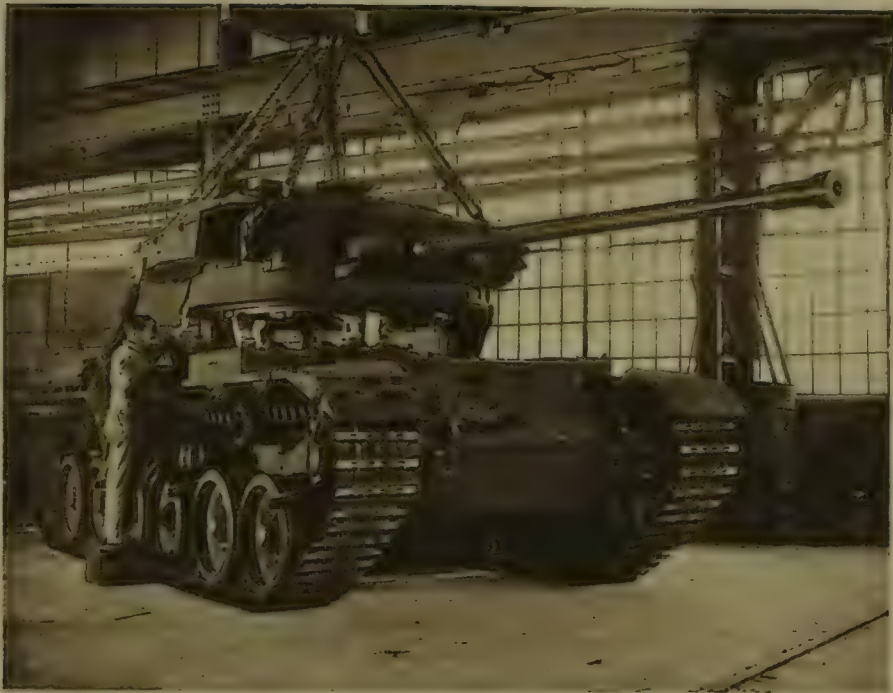
THE TANK HULL BEING WELDED UP IN THE MANIPULATOR. VERY SKILFUL WELDING IS NEEDED TO ENSURE EFFICIENT WELDS. THE CENTURION IS, IT IS BELIEVED, THE ONLY NEW TANK TO BE PRODUCED IN QUANTITY BY ANY NATION SINCE THE END OF THE WAR.

(ABOVE.) AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF THE CENTURION IN ACTION, SHOWING THE REAR VIEW: THE TRACK, IT SHOULD BE NOTED, GRIPS THE GROUND VERY FIRMLY.



(RIGHT.) A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN A ROYAL ORDNANCE FACTORY, ILLUSTRATING A STAGE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THE CENTURION TANK: AFTER THE TURRETS COME FROM THE FOUNDRY THEY UNDERGO THE PROCESS OF MACHINING WHICH IS DEPICTED.

A NEW SUPER TANK WHICH IS NOW BEING PRODUCED IN QUANTITY: STAGES



(LEFT.) A STAGE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THE CENTURION 50-TON SUPER TANK, NOW THE STANDARD TANK OF THE ROYAL ARMOURD CORPS; THE TURRET, COMPLETE WITH GUN, IS ABOUT TO BE MOUNTED IN THE GREAT HULL OF THE VEHICLE.



(RIGHT.) INSTALLING THE ENGINE: THE CENTURION IS POWERED BY A 12-CYLINDER 635-B.H.P. METEOR ENGINE, AN ADAPTATION OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS ROLLS-ROYCE MERLIN ENGINE WHICH POWERED MANY FAMOUS TYPES OF AIRCRAFT.

ON our preceding page we illustrate one of the new British Centurion 50-ton super tanks in action; and on these pages are able to reproduce highly interesting photographs taken in a Royal Ordnance factory showing stages in the construction of these great vehicles, details of which have just been released from the secret list. The Centurion, as noted elsewhere, took part in the combined "Agility 2" exercise held in the Paderborn area, Germany, last October. It was designed by the Ministry of Supply Fighting Vehicles Establishment, in conjunction with Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong, Ltd., and is, as far as is known, the only new tank to be produced in quantity by any nation since the end of the war. It is powered by a Meteor petrol engine, an adaptation of the world-famous Rolls-Royce Merlin aero-engine, and it develops 635 b.h.p. The gear-box and steering, combined in one unit, is of the well-known Merritt-Brown type. The Centurion is now the standard tank of the Royal Armoured Corps, and it should be noted how firmly the track grips the ground.

(RIGHT.) A FRONT VIEW OF THE CENTURION TAKING A STEEP GRADIENT WITH A ROCKY AND UNEVEN SURFACE: AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEW MODEL IN ACTION.



FITTING THE TRACKS OVER THE DRIVING SPROCKETS AND THE SUSPENSION WHEELS: THE TRACKS ARE OF CAST-IRON AND MADE AT A FACTORY IN SOUTH WALES. THE GEAR-BOX AND STEERING COMBINED IN ONE UNIT ARE OF THE MERRITT-BROWN TYPE.

IN THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIFTY-TON BRITISH CENTURION.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

DURING the last week or two my reading has taken a strange twist. I began to read Dr. Arthur Bryant on Samuel Pepys, Vol. I., "The Man in the Making,"

and was thoroughly enjoying myself, when Vol. II. of Winston Churchill's "Second World War" fell into my hands. I started that, too. Who could resist? I am seldom able to start reading until about 11 p.m., so that with these two completely absorbing books on hand, my small hours became not so very small. Then, three days ago, a further complication arose. Wanting to find out anything there was to be found about a certain antique potato which I grow, I borrowed Dr. Redcliffe N. Salaman's "The History and the Social Influence of the Potato." A thorough search showed me that my special spud is not mentioned. My search, however, became something far more formidable. I found myself compelled to stop and browse, reading a chapter here, and a paragraph there. I soon found myself deeply embedded in an intensely interesting and extremely readable classic. It may seem incredible that a book on the Potato should seriously interrupt one's reading of Churchill and Arthur Bryant. It has; however, and something has got to be done about it. I shall return Dr. Salaman's work, finish reading Churchill and Arthur Bryant, take a brief holiday with perhaps Sherlock Holmes or Agatha Christie, and then buy a copy of the Potato classic and absorb it at my leisure during reasonable hours of the night.

But about potatoes themselves. They are surely—as we too often eat them—the dullest of all vegetables. It is difficult to take them seriously as a true vegetable. A useful buffer against starvation, they have

POTATOES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

which cutlets or sausages may recline—and for mopping up gravy. Ball-of-flour addicts describe waxy potatoes—rather offensively, I think—as soapy. In my view, floury is equally offensive, so honours are even.

For domestic use I grow three varieties of potato, and buy a fourth. For general-purpose conventional use I buy, from time to time, a sack of "King Edwards." Labour being what it is, I find this more economical and less boring than growing the main crop. For new potatoes I grow "Sharpe's Express." I like its texture and flavour. For salads, and to provide a luxury potato which is almost as good as "new"

squeeze them out and mash? The very best way of all with "China Orange" is to scrub it well, and roast it in its jacket in the gravy round the joint—sirloin, shoulder or leg.

Government by a system of diminishing returns having reduced the weekly joint to an amorphous gobbet, it is best to let two weeks' rations accumulate, for it is important that the gobbet should at least equal the potatoes in volume.

The present-day races of potato seem to be in a bad

way. Bred for generations, by unnatural selection, for size and heavy cropping, and at the same time for smooth, bland, featureless tubers, without dimples, and so easy to peel, they have become degenerate, and subject to two dread diseases, virus and scab. Only comparatively recently have efforts been made to breed races of potatoes which are immune to these horrors.

One has only to read Dr. Salaman's book to realise what an immensely technical and complicated task this is. One most interesting line of attack has been the use of wild species of potato, and primitive cultivated varieties, which have been introduced from South America and from Mexico. To collect these, special expeditions have been sent out to Peru, Ecuador, Mexico, and the collectors, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Balls, and Dr. Balfour Gourlay, must have worked like beavers to collect and send home such great



POTATOES TO HORRIFY A KITCHENMAID OR A HEAD GARDENER, BUT A DELIGHT TO THE EPICURE: "CHINA ORANGE," POSSIBLY THE OLDEST VARIETY IN CULTIVATION, WITH THE FANTASTIC RECORD OF "SEVENTY YEARS' SERVICE IN ONE FAMILY, AND THEN THIRTY YEARS IN ANOTHER, WITHOUT A BREAK—AND WITHOUT A DAY'S ILLNESS."

all the year round, I grow a variety whose proper name I do not know. The family have christened it "Odette." I first met "Odette" in a salad bowl, in a village in the Maritime Alps, long years ago. They, the "Odettes," had come from the village greengrocer, an aged crone with a long, grey beard. From her I bought, and brought home, a few tubers and have grown the same stock, year after year, ever since.

"Odette" is a long, sausage-like spud. The flesh is firm, waxy, yellowish and very well-flavoured. At their best the tubers reach 4 or 5 ins. in length, but it is rather a light cropper. For that reason I call it a luxury potato.

My fourth variety is called "China Orange," and it was "China Orange" that I hoped to find in Dr. Salaman's book. It is a genuine antique, as old, probably, as any potato now in cultivation. My first stock tubers were given to me about thirty years ago by a neighbour

in Hertfordshire who was then well over seventy years of age. She told me that she had known it since she was a very little girl, and had brought it from her old home in Gloucestershire when she migrated to Hertfordshire. "China Orange" must therefore have been in cultivation for about a hundred years, possibly more. Not only is it an antique, but it may surely claim to be the complete old family retainer. Seventy years' service in one family, and then thirty years in another, without a break—and without a day's illness. In its day, at the time of my old friend's childhood, she told me, "China Orange" was considered the last word in excellence. To-day no sane conventional potato fan would look twice at it, except in horror and astonishment. The tubers are roundish and lumpish, fist-sized, or rather less, with a russet-red skin, and a zone of pink flesh just below the skin. It is firm, and hard, with many dimples, which, if they occurred in the normal place for dimples, instead of on a spud, would be most winning. Potato eyes, deep-set in dimples, make peeling a hopeless task. But why peel? Why not bake them in their jackets, and eat them thus, or



IN MODERN CONTRAST TO THE CENTURY-OLD "CHINA ORANGE"; A VARIETY TYPICAL OF THE POTATO OF TO-DAY, "BRED . . . FOR SIZE AND HEAVY CROPPING, AND AT THE SAME TIME FOR SMOOTH, BLAND, FEATURELESS TUBERS, WITHOUT DIMPLES, AND SO EASY TO PEEL . . ."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

become a sort of idle, subconscious habit, only missed when there is a shortage. And yet the potato has its moments. New, home-grown, freshly dug, boiled with a sprig of mint, and well buttered, they are monstrous good. The potatoes which come out of a bag, paper-thin, richly crisp, and accompanied by a pinch of salt in a natty twist of paper, afford a pleasant occupation. But best of all is a good-sized spud, well scrubbed, and baked in its jacket. There should be salt, pepper, and at all costs, butter. For absolute perfection let the jacket be slightly scorched. Such a potato, moreover, is the perfect comforter for cold hands. Clever cooks, of course, do clever things with potatoes, but in that case the spud is merely a rather dull peg on which to hang the cleverness.

As to what constitutes a good potato, there are two schools of thought. There are those who prefer a waxy potato, whilst others insist on the type which "boils like a ball of flour." I have never eaten a ball of flour, but I feel sure that I should dislike it. By the same token I dislike floury potatoes. They are well enough for mashing, and mashed they are well enough as a bed upon



THE POTATO OF 600 YEARS AGO: A TUBER, STRIKINGLY LIKE "CHINA ORANGE," REPRESENTED IN AN INCA POT OF ABOUT THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, OF REDDISH-BROWN WARE, WITH DEEP EYES. (From the collections of the Museum of Anthropology, California.) Photograph reproduced by permission of the author and publishers of "The History and Social Influence of the Potato," by Redcliffe N. Salaman, F.R.S., Cambridge University Press.

quantities of both living and dried herbarium material.

Let us hope that when the new races and varieties of potato have been bred, healthy, vigorous, and immune from scab and virus, the scientists will turn their attention to quality and flavour. I look forward to a race of potato varieties with as many delicious and widely differing flavours as we enjoy among apples and pears, and if the flavour is there, together with firm, waxy texture, a dimple or two shall be forgiven.



SHOWING THE GARDEN FRONT AND ORNAMENTAL WATER: SUNNINGDALE PARK, NEAR ASCOT, THE CIVIL DEFENCE COLLEGE WHICH WAS OPENED ON JANUARY 23 BY THE HOME SECRETARY, MR. CHURCHILL.

OPENED BY THE HOME SECRETARY: THE CIVIL DEFENCE STAFF COLLEGE.



COMMANDANT OF THE NEWLY OPENED CIVIL DEFENCE COLLEGE: MAJOR-GENERAL J. S. LETHBRIDGE, C.B., C.B.E., M.C. THERE WILL BE TWO MAIN TYPES OF COURSE.



A VIEW OF THE GREAT HALL AND A GROUP OF STUDENTS. THE FIRST LONG COURSE OF ONE MONTH OPENED ON JANUARY 23.



LEADING OUT OF THE GREAT HALL: A VIEW OF THE MAIN STAIRCASE OF SUNNINGDALE PARK, A FORTY-ROOMED MANSION, FORMERLY THE HOME OF SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN.



WHERE DEMONSTRATIONS OF FILMS ILLUSTRATING ASPECTS OF CIVIL DEFENCE WORK WILL BE GIVEN: THE PRIVATE CINEMA THEATRE OF SUNNINGDALE PARK.

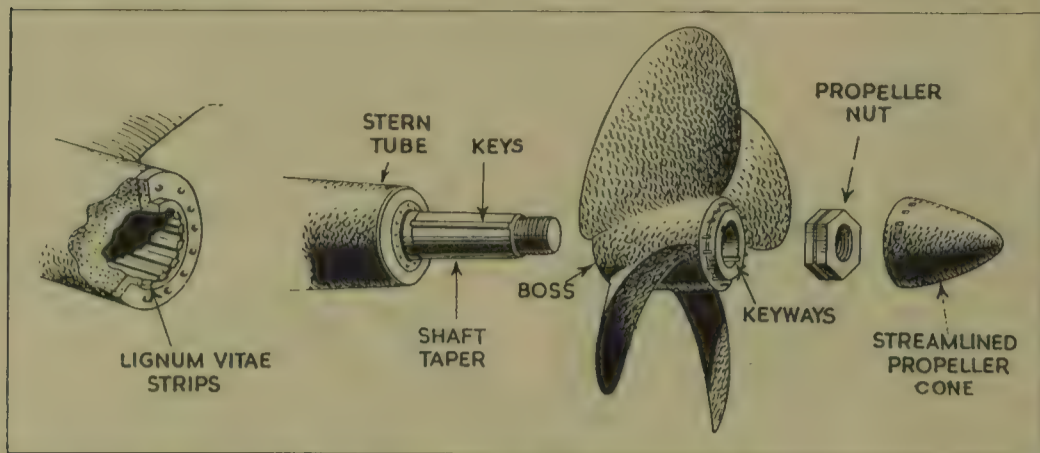


THE FINE DINING-ROOM. THE HOUSE HAS BEEN HUNG WITH SPORTING PRINTS AND PAINTINGS FROM THE CHANTREY BEQUEST, LENT BY THE TATE GALLERY.

The Civil Defence Staff College, Sunningdale Park, was opened by the Home Secretary. He pointed out that it would provide an opportunity for men and women of many Services to study Civil Defence as a whole and to look at the problems of their own Services in relation to those of others; and spoke of the interest and understanding of the problems of the departments concerned with Civil Defence which had been shown

by Field Marshal Sir William Slim, C.I.G.S., who was present. It is intended to concentrate on two main types of course. One, of a month, for officers and officials concerned with Civil Defence; and another of a week for those who, at higher levels in their several organisations, are concerned with the wider aspects of Civil Defence in relation to other responsibilities of central or local government.

OVERHAULING THE PROPELLERS OF THE "QUEENS": AN IMPRESSIVE ENGINEERING ROUTINE ILLUSTRATED.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 1. PARTS OF THE PROPELLER OF A GIANT LINER: THESE BEAUTIFULLY-SHAPED SCREWS OF MANGANESE BRONZE, WHICH CONVERT THE POWER OF THE TURBINES INTO FORWARD THRUST, ARE OVERHAULED EVERY FOUR YEARS.

(RIGHT) FIG. 2. THE PROPELLER LOWERED BY TACKLES SHACKLED TO THE EYE OF A "PALM PLATE" FIXED TO THE BOSS. IT WAS STARTED OFF ITS TIGHT FIT ON THE SHAFT TAPER (L.) BY DRIVING WEDGES BETWEEN THE STERN TUBE AND THE BOSS.

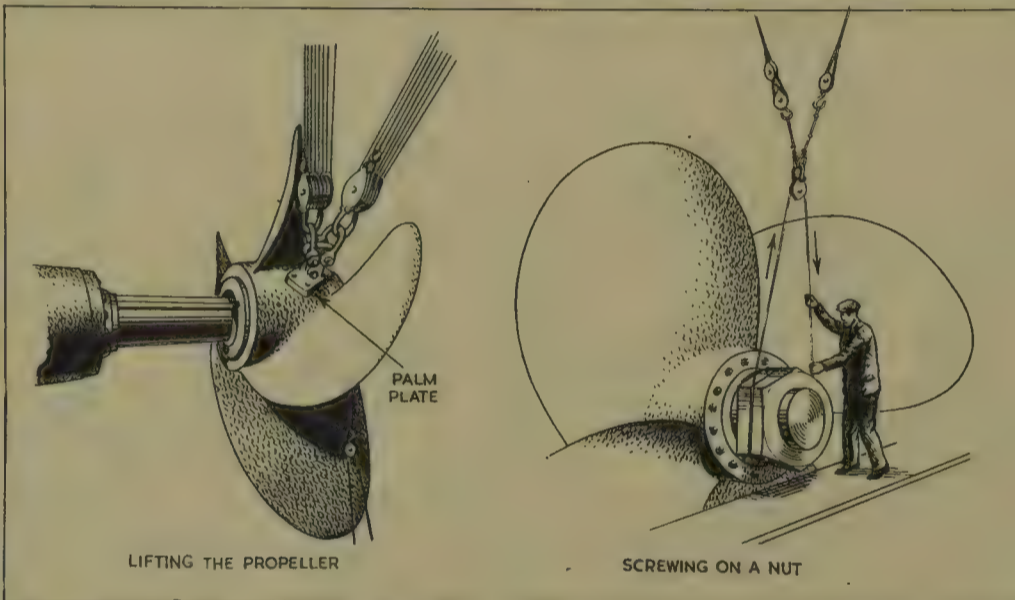


FIG. 4. SHOWING THE "PALM PLATE" IN POSITION (LEFT), THE MEANS OF LIFTING THE PROPELLER; AND (RIGHT) THE METHOD OF SCREWING THE PROPELLER NUT ON AND OFF, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS.

FIG. 3. REPLACING THE PROPELLER NUT. THE LOOP OF ROPE FROM THE PULLEY-BLOCK IS IN ITS GROOVE AND THE NUT IS SCREWED OR UNSCREWED BY THE ROPE, AS ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 4.

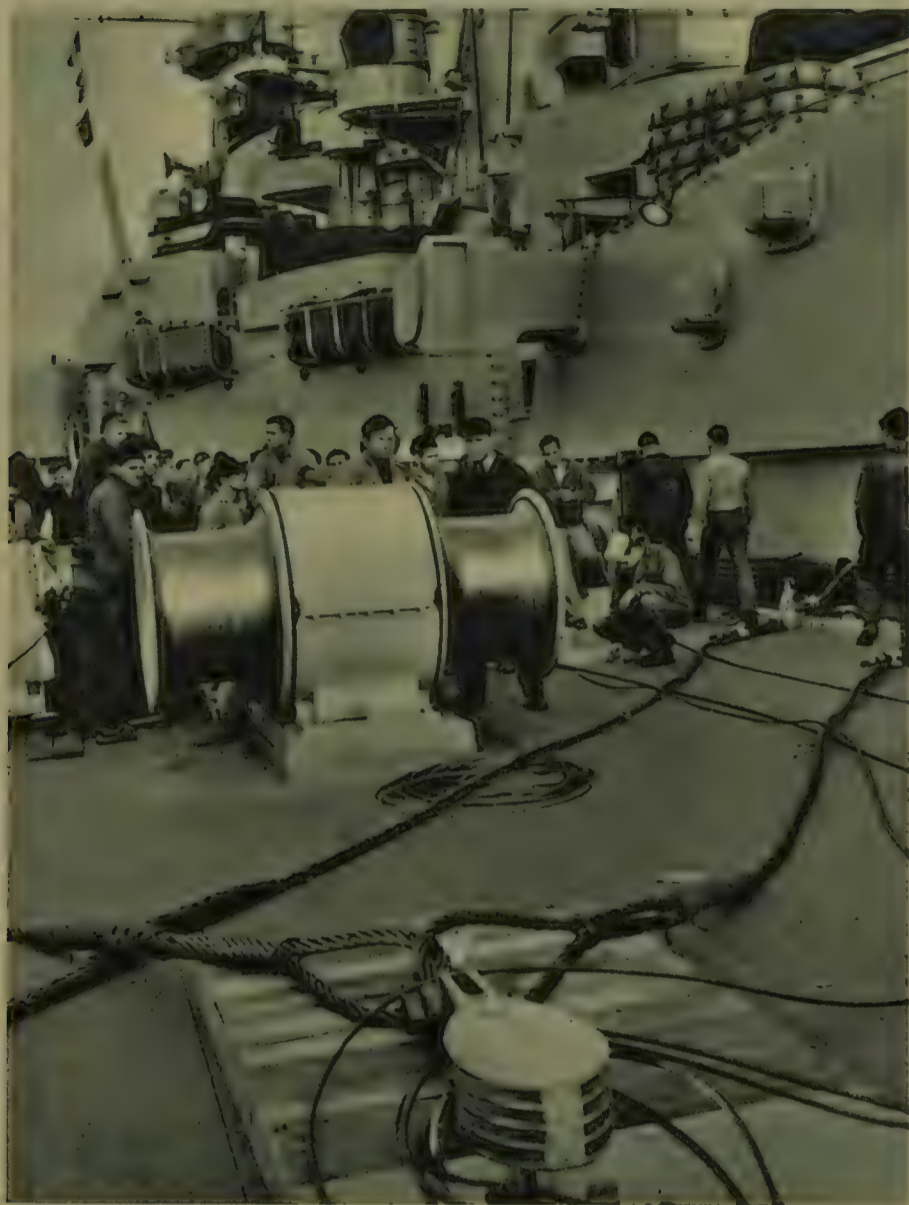
THE propellers of the *Queen Elizabeth* revolve some 240 million times every four years, and, after this period of service, like those of every other ship, they are overhauled. Each four-bladed screw of the *Queen Elizabeth's* propellers is 18 ft. in diameter and weighs some 35 tons. In order to dismantle them a staging is built in the dry dock so that men can stand at a convenient height, and blocks and tackles are suspended from special ports in the hull. A "palm plate" is fixed to the propeller boss (Fig. 4) and the streamlined cone removed. The propeller nut is started back by a ram-driven spanner, and, when moving easily, is unscrewed by means of a loop of rope from a pulley-block (Figs. 3 and 4). Two tackles are then shackled to the eye of the "palm plate" and the propeller is started off its tight fit on the shaft taper by driving wedges between the stern tube and boss (Fig. 1). The first tackle takes the weight of the propeller and the second hauls it gently aft till clear of the shaft (Fig. 2). The stern tube has a packed gland at its inner end and a "bush" lined with strips of lignum vitae at the outer end to act as a bearing for the revolving shaft. The shaft sections of the two *Queens* are connected by a special "muff" coupling which allows the tail shaft to be withdrawn outwards through the stern tube (Fig. 5). The shaft is forced out with a jack far enough for a clamp to be fixed round the protruding portion, and the first of three tackles is attached to the eye of the clamp to take the weight. Two other tackles suspended at suitable distances engage with additional clamps. By hauling a little on one tackle and slacking away on another, the shaft is held horizontal and slowly "drifted" out till clear of the stern tube, when it can be lowered. A special gauge is used to measure the amount of wear in the stern-tube bush. On completion of the survey and any necessary repairs or adjustments, the shaft and propeller are replaced by reversing the procedure.

Photographs and diagrams by Stuart E. Beck.



FIG. 5. THE SHAFT PARTLY WITHDRAWN, IT IS FORCED OUT WITH A JACK FAR ENOUGH FOR A CLAMP TO BE FIXED ROUND THE PROTRUDING PORTION AND THE FIRST TACKLE ATTACHED TO THE EYE OF THIS. OTHER TACKLES ENGAGE WITH ADDITIONAL CLAMPS AT SUITABLE INTERVALS.

IN THE GROUNDED "MISSOURI."



ON BOARD THE STRANDED *MISSOURI*: MEMBERS OF THE CREW INSTALLING A PORTABLE WINCH, ONE OF SEVERAL PREPARED FOR THE ATTEMPT TO FREE THE BATTLESHIP.



PREPARING THE STRANDED U.S. BATTLESHIP *MISSOURI* FOR THE REFLOATING ATTEMPT OF FEBRUARY 2 IN CHESAPEAKE BAY. POINT COMFORT CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

In our last issue we described the stranding of the world's largest operational battleship, the U.S.S. *Missouri*, on a mudbank in Chesapeake Bay, and stated that the next major attempt to refloat the ship was arranged for February 2. The interval was spent in further preparations for this attempt. Dynamite was used to loosen the mud holding the ship. The ship's company of 1800 men and 71 officers were engaged in running from side to side of the battleship in an attempt to get her to roll, and a number of emergency winches have been fitted to the deck to increase the tractive power when the high-tide attempt, christened "Operation Groundhog," should open. The ship was lightened by the removal of huge quantities of oil, 724 tons of drinking water, 289 tons of provisions, and two 15-ton anchors.

THE NAVY'S NEW IMMERSION SUIT.

It is believed by many that some at least of the victims of the *Truculent* disaster escaped from the submarine alive to the surface, only to be lost in the darkness and stiff tide. It would appear that the new immersion suit now being gradually supplied to operational units of the submarine branch of the Royal Navy would help to prevent such a recurrence. The suit is made of rubberised nylon and is put on over all other clothes and in conjunction with the Davis Escape Apparatus. It weighs only 6 lb. When the wearer reaches the surface he inflates the suit by means of the nozzle, which appears in one of the pictures. The inflated suit not only keeps the wearer afloat but by, as it were, insulating him from the elements, protects him against exposure. On the right shoulder is incorporated a light which is switched on automatically by the action of the sea water and thus enables the wearer to be located by the rescuers.



Lower photograph.
THE NEW IMMERSION SUIT, WITH DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS, AFTER USE. IT IS MADE OF RUBBERISED NYLON AND IS INFLATED THROUGH THE NOZZLE (RIGHT).



Upper photograph.
AN IMMERSION SUIT WHICH MIGHT HAVE SAVED MANY IN THE *TRUCULENT* DISASTER: THE R.N.'S NEW IMMERSION SUIT, BEING TESTED. IT CARRIES AN AUTOMATIC LIGHT.

THE diplomatic comedy in which Spain has unwillingly played the principal part and which has been running since 1946 has entered another act. This shows a slight approach to realism, absent from the earlier acts. The common sense of the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, led him on January 19 to make a statement embodying, if not a new policy, at least a hint that he had a new policy in mind. His views were given in the form of a letter to Senator Connally, Chairman of that important body, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He said that, apart from its opinion of the present régime in Spain, "the United States had long questioned the wisdom and efficacy of the United Nations resolution recommending the withdrawal of ministers and ambassadors from Madrid," and that this doubt had been confirmed by experience. (The captious critic might ask why, when the greatest nation in the world, generally forthright in its conduct of foreign affairs, questioned the wisdom of a diplomatic step into which it had been dragged and believed that this had led to "confusion of public opinion," it should take so long to decide upon action.) The withdrawal of ambassadors was, Mr. Acheson asserted, "a mistaken departure from established principle."

As a result, he said, the question of whether or not ambassadors should once again be accredited to Spain had tended to become identified with the larger issue of whether it was desirable to have closer relations with the present Spanish Government. At the same time, there had been an increasing bewilderment over "the inconsistency of accrediting ambassadors to such countries as those in Eastern Europe, whose régimes we do not condone," while refusing to appoint an ambassador to Spain. In future, the United States would base its policy towards Spain upon the recognition of certain essential facts. First, there was no sign of an alternative to the present Government. Secondly, the internal position of the régime was strong; it enjoyed the support of many who, though they might prefer another form of Government or another Chief of State, feared that civil strife and chaos would follow the overthrow of this Government. Thirdly, Spain was a part of Western Europe which should not be isolated permanently from normal relations with that area. The United States recognises, however, that for historical reasons Spain under its present Government is unwelcome as an associate in Western Europe in projects of co-operation such as the European Recovery Programme and the Council of Europe, and considers that here the Western European nations must have the first say.

With these views, the United States is now prepared to vote for a resolution in the United Nations which would give each Government a free choice in deciding whether or not to resume full diplomatic relations with Spain. It was difficult to see any possible grounds of objection to this statement. Its facts were irrefutable and the remedies which it suggested were as moderate as they well could have been. It drew, nevertheless, from the Foreign Office a halting and embarrassed comment. If the spokesman had been afflicted by the curse of Mr. Bello's politician, who had to say exactly what he meant, this would have begun with the words: "Why the devil does the wretched man put up this balloon just before our General Election, when we don't want to have to answer inconvenient questions? It's practically an unfriendly act!" Spokesmen do not, however, have to say exactly what they mean. This spokesman said that Britain had not been consulted in advance about the American statement, and that there were no strong reasons why she should have been, because her views were so well known to the United States. They were those given to the General Assembly by Mr. McNeil last May. It may be recalled that the United Kingdom then took the dashing course of abstaining from voting on a motion to withdraw the diplomatic sanctions against Spain, which then failed to get a two-thirds majority, so that the resolution of 1946 remains in force.

The British representative abstained from voting on this motion despite the fact that, as we are now informed, this country had always believed that the withdrawal of ambassadors would be ineffective. Next the doubtful argument is put forward that such a withdrawal does not harm diplomatic relations, which can be conducted through *chargés d'affaires*. I happen to have been informed on high authority, British and Spanish, that this is untrue. Obviously diplomatic relations are not necessarily severed by the withdrawal of ambassadors, but they are none the less hampered for both technical and psychological reasons. Finally, the spokesman—whose sigh of relief becomes audible—tells us that there seems to be no particular significance in Mr. Acheson's statement, because the General Assembly will not meet again until September. There has also been some French comment. It was France who proposed the withdrawal of ambassadors. This was at a time when the Communists formed part of the French Government, so that the present one does not appear to be under an obligation to continue the policy. It was supported by the Socialists, and still is. Finally, the French say that commercial

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH SPAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

relations are pretty well re-established and that the business world does not press for abolition of the anomaly.

When I wrote about Spain on this page last year I made it clear that in my view the end of Spanish isolation was desirable and indeed inevitable, and that it was being



PERU IS AMONG THE COUNTRIES WHICH HAVE RECENTLY RETURNED TO FULL DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH SPAIN; AND HERE THE PERUVIAN AMBASSADOR, MARSHAL URETA (LEFT), IS SEEN TALKING WITH GENERAL FRANCO (RIGHT) WHEN HE PRESENTED HIS CREDENTIALS IN MADRID. IN THE CENTRE IS THE SPANISH FOREIGN MINISTER, SENOR ALBERTO MARTIN ARTAJO.



THE GOOD RELATIONS BETWEEN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, BRITAIN'S "OLDEST ALLY," WERE FURTHER CEMENTED LAST AUTUMN WHEN GENERAL FRANCO VISITED PORTUGAL. HE IS HERE SEEN (RIGHT CENTRE) SHAKING HANDS WITH PRESIDENT CARMONA. In his article on this page Captain Falls refers to "the diplomatic comedy in which Spain has unwillingly played the principal part," and also to Mr. Acheson's suggestion that the United Nations should give member nations a free choice as to whether or not they should resume full diplomatic relations with Spain. In this connection it is of considerable interest—as well as adding another stroke to the "comedy"—to learn that the following nations (according to the Spanish official list) already have full diplomatic relations with Spain, and have either an Ambassador or Minister or Nuncio at Madrid: Arabia, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, Egypt, El Salvador, Haiti, Iceland, Irak, Ireland, Jordan, Lebanon, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru, Portugal, Switzerland, Syria, the Vatican, Venezuela, Yemen. Not all of these nations are, however, members of the United Nations. Among those which have recently resumed relations are Brazil, Costa Rica, Paraguay and Peru.

delayed by people who in private were largely of the same opinion but who had not the political courage to say so for fear of shocking the susceptibilities of some of their followers. Since then there have been certain definite approaches to Spain on the part of the United States, notably the visit of the American naval squadron in European waters to a Spanish port. On the economic side, however, there has been little progress. In this respect, Mr. Acheson said

that the United States would grant credits to Spain to cover specific projects agreed upon as likely to be of advantage to the two States, though not such as might be expended by Spain in any way she chose. He suggested that the Spanish Government might already have got some such credits, but that it did not seem to have been enthusiastic in the matter. At all events, he looked forward to an improvement in the economic relations between the United States and Spain.

The step proposed by Mr. Acheson is a very short one, and will not suffice, but it is better than nothing as a start. The present state of affairs has approached the farcical. If the State Department and Foreign Office can be credited,

this country and other countries of Western Europe stand in deadly danger from Soviet Russia. The peril is such as to threaten not only their freedom but also their way of life, their traditions, their systems of the rule of law, their whole civilisation. There has never been a suggestion, even from those most bitterly critical of the present Spanish Government, that any similar threat proceeds from the side of Spain. Yet full and normal diplomatic relations are, very properly, maintained with Soviet Russia and with the Eastern European countries dominated by her. The United States and the United Kingdom allowed themselves to be drawn into an unfriendly gesture to Spain, despite their firm belief that it was morally unjust as well as politically useless. They are now, it would appear, unable to reverse this policy, not only false but always realised to be false, until September next at the earliest. This is indeed an astonishing exhibition of weakness and irresolution.

Of the three "essential facts" put forward by Mr. Acheson, the third, though closely linked with the other two, is the most important—namely, that Spain is "a part of Western Europe which should not be isolated permanently from normal relations with that area." If the United States really recognises this fact and is prepared to base her future Spanish policy upon it, she must go further than a vote for freedom to accredit ministers or ambassadors to Spain. For the present she can do so only by an extension of the direct relations between the two countries, of which the visit of the American naval squadron was an example. These are perfectly legitimate. The fact that Mr. Acheson went out of his way to address his letter to Senator Connally at such a time as the present may be taken as proof that the State Department has decided upon this course. It is therefore to be expected that in the near future we shall see efforts on the part of the United States to improve the economic relations between the two countries, and in particular to assist Spain in her strenuous attempts to restore her weakened economy. In this respect it must be borne in mind that the potential riches of Spain which remain unexploited, and in some cases untapped, are in this position mainly because of the inadequacy of her communications and transport.

I have no space to repeat here the arguments on the subject of Spain's strategic importance which I advanced in my articles of last year. I received at the time some private letters of criticism, but no correspondent made any attempt to refute the strategic case. I should, however, like to refer once more to an argument which seldom or never finds its way into print but is often put forward

in private and appears to me to be mean and cynical. Spain's opposition to Communism, it is said under the hand, can be taken for granted. She is in the anti-Communist camp already and can be counted upon to remain there. If her aid is required it will be forthcoming in any event. Why then offend the feelings of sections of the Western communities—supporters of the Governments in power—by bringing this fact into the limelight and making concessions which are not strictly necessary? We have, in fact, no right to place such reliance upon a State which we ostracise publicly. The policy is displeasing from the moral point of view and at the same time dangerous even from one of unscrupulous Machiavellism. I am unaware how far it is in fact officially held in this country, but have no doubt in my mind that it ought not to be entertained and should be abandoned at once if it is.

I have always maintained that the withdrawal of Spain from her isolation in Europe, while not only desirable but inevitable, would be a slow process. I did not, however, expect, when I wrote here on this subject some nine months ago, that it would have been quite so slow as it has been in the intervening time. Nevertheless, I am convinced that there has been some progress, if only in the education of public opinion. By the end of the year on which we have now entered there is likely to have been a considerable further advance. It does not appear that there is any strong desire on the part of Spain to enter the Atlantic Treaty. What will count above all will be her direct relations with the United States and, in the second place, with ourselves. Materially the former are, of course, the more important, though I believe that sentimentally the average Spaniard feels more sympathy for Britain and is more desirous of her friendship. Pushing against prejudices, especially when they are held by a number of honest persons—though exploited by others who cannot be so described—is often disheartening, but it is a mistake to be discouraged too readily. These prejudices will dissolve in the end.



PREPARING TO LEAVE FOR THE HOME FLEET'S SPRING CRUISE: (BACKGROUND) THE FLAGSHIP, THE FLEET AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *IMPLACABLE* (23,000 TONS); AND (FOREGROUND) THE LIGHT FLEET AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *VENGEANCE* (13,190 TONS).



SOME SHIPS OF THE TRAINING SQUADRON SAILED WITH THE HOME FLEET FOR PART OF THE CRUISE, INCLUDING (RIGHT) THE BATTLESHIP H.M.S. *VANGUARD*, AND THE FLEET AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *VICTORIOUS* (LEFT).

On January 28, the Home Fleet, accompanied by units of the Training Squadron, left Portland for the Spring Cruise. The flag of the new Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet (Admiral Sir Philip L. Vian), was worn by the fleet aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Implacable*. The flagship was accompanied by the battleship *Vanguard* and the fleet aircraft-carrier *Victorious* of the training squadron, *Vanguard* wearing the flag of Flag Officer Training Squadron (Rear-Admiral E. M. Evans-Lombe). The following ships of the Home Fleet also sailed: the light fleet carrier *Vengeance*;

the cruisers *Superb* and *Cleopatra*; fourteen destroyers; two submarines; a fleet replenishment ship and a fleet tug. The fleet was to anchor in Gibraltar Bay on February 2, *Vanguard* and *Victorious* returning from Gibraltar to England on February 9. All units of the Home Fleet were to sail from Gibraltar on February 27, for exercises in the Western Mediterranean and later, in March, would meet and exercise with Mediterranean Fleet ships and squadrons, with a combined full-scale fleet exercise from March 20 to 22, when both fleets would arrive at Gibraltar.

FLAGSHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET AND TRAINING SQUADRON GATHERING FOR THE HOME FLEET'S SPRING CRUISE.

RESULTS OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY.

Although the Monte Carlo Rally has this year been won by a French *Holchkiss* car (drivers MM. Becquart and H. Secret), Mr. Gatsonides (Dutch) gained the second place with his Humber *Super Snipe*, and is to be congratulated on getting his heavy vehicle through the snow and ice encountered on the road section of the Rally without penalisation. In the speed and regularity test up the Mont des Mules at Monte Carlo on January 27, the lighter and more compact *Holchkiss* had advantages, but Gatsonides drove his car with such skill and dash that there was less than two marks between the two at the finish. Mr. Gatsonides, who is the Rootes Group dealer in Haarlem, Holland, won the Barclay Challenge Cup for the best performance on an all-British car, and was only one point behind the winner of the Rally. He also secured three challenge awards for the best performance by a Dutch competitor. The Rally ended with the Concours de Confort on January 29. The Grand Prix d'Honneur for the most comfortable car was won by Mr. W. M. Couper's *Rolls-Royce*.



WINNER OF THE BARCLAY CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE BEST PERFORMANCE ON AN ALL-BRITISH CAR, AND SECOND IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. MAURICE GATSONIDES WITH HIS HUMBER *SUPER SNIPE*, AND CO-DRIVER MR. BARENDREGT.



WINNERS OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: M. BECQUART (LEFT) AND M. H. SECRET WITH THEIR FRENCH *HOTCHKISS*, IN WHICH THEY STARTED FROM LISBON. FRENCH CARS WON ALL FOUR CLASSES AS WELL AS THE GENERAL CLASSIFICATION.



ILLUSTRATING THE EXTREMELY SEVERE CONDITIONS WHICH COMPETITORS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY HAD TO FACE THIS YEAR: A SNOWBOUND CAR BETWEEN THE NEVERS AND LYONS CONTROLS, WHERE THE FIRST HEAVY SNOW SHOWER WAS ENCOUNTERED.

THE PRINCESS AT CRAWLEY AND IN LONDON.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO CRAWLEY ON JANUARY 25: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WALKING TO THE SQUARE, WHERE SHE PLANTED A MAPLE-TREE TO COMMEMORATE THE TOWN'S WARTIME ASSOCIATION WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY.



WITH THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER (WEARING MITRE, LEFT), WHO CONDUCTED A SERVICE OF DEDICATION: PRINCESS ELIZABETH OPENING THE NEW MAIN ROAD AT CRAWLEY, WHICH SHE NAMED "MANOR ROYAL." BRAZIERES WERE INSTALLED ON ACCOUNT OF THE COLD.



THE PRINCESS, CHIEF RANGER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH LADY STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL (RIGHT) LEAVING GIRL GUIDE H.Q. ON JANUARY 29, AFTER ADDRESSING A CONFERENCE OF COUNTY RANGERS.

Princess Elizabeth, first member of the Royal family to visit one of the planned new towns, went on January 25 to Crawley to open and name a new main road, "Manor Royal." She was received by Mr. Silkin and Sir Thomas Bennett, Chairman of the Development Corporation, and the Bishop of Chichester conducted a service of dedication. After inspecting the progress of the new town, she walked to the market square in the old town and planted a maple-tree in commemoration of the close wartime association of Crawley with the Canadian Army. On January 29 Princess Elizabeth, Chief Ranger of the British Empire, addressed a conference of county Ranger advisers at Girl Guide H.Q., her subject being "The Challenge of our Times." She was met by Lady Stratheden and Campbell, Chief Commissioner, Girl Guides, and Lady Merthyr, Commissioner for Rangers. Her Royal Highness spoke of the struggle of modern life and said that, if they kept their high ideals, Rangers "would be greatly strengthened in a world that is full of dishonesty, materialism and devotion to self."



THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE COLD WEATHER: LONDONERS ENJOYING SKATING AND ICE HOCKEY ON KINGSMERE, A POND ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.



A COLD ENDING: SKATERS (LEFT) WHO FELL THROUGH THE ICE ON KINGSMERE LED TO THE DOWNFALL OF A PHOTOGRAPHER (RIGHT) WHO SUFFERED THE SAME FATE.

After an unusually mild autumn and early winter the end of January found most of Britain in the grip of a cold spell. While old people and the less hardy shivered, thousands of others enjoyed skating on frozen ponds and lakes. In London skating went on in sunshine on Kingsmere and other ponds on Wimbledon Common. Car headlights were used to light up the ponds while skating continued after dark. Ice on the Serpentine on January 29 was only 2 ins. thick, and a Ministry of Works

rule forbids skating until it is 5 ins. thick. In Essex a traffic jam on the Chingford road was caused by motorists who left their cars to skate on Connaught Waters. In Osterley Park there was skating too. During the last week-end of January people in Derbyshire skated on the tarn on Kinder Scout, 2000 ft. above sea-level, and on Longshaw Lake. In many parts of England the frost did not break all day on January 29. At the time of writing, a general thaw is predicted.

WINTER COMES TO LONDON: SKATERS ENJOYING THE DELIGHTS AND PERILS OF A COLD JANUARY WEEK-END.

A POSSIBLE DESTROYER OF THE WORLD ILLUSTRATED DIAGRAMMATICALLY: HOW THE HEAVY HYDROGEN BOMB WORKS.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. DAVIS, WITH SCIENTIFIC CO-OPERATION.

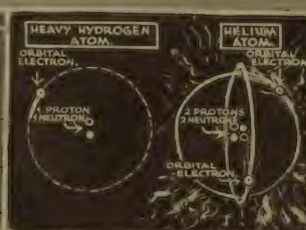


1. SINCE THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT SCIENTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES WERE, THEORETICALLY, IN A POSITION TO MANUFACTURE A BOMB MANY TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN THE ATOMIC BOMB, PROVIDED THAT THE ENORMOUS EXPENSE ENTAILLED RECEIVED PRESIDENTIAL SANCTION, THE "H" BOMB, OR HYDROGEN BOMB, HAS ATTRACTED WORLD-WIDE ATTENTION. ABOVE WE SHOW A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING ILLUSTRATING HOW SUCH A BOMB MIGHT BE CONSTRUCTED, AND THE METHOD EMPLOYED TO BRING IT TO "EXPLOSION" AT A PREDETERMINED HEIGHT OVER THE TARGET. AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE OPERATING AT A PREDETERMINED HEIGHT WOULD BRING ABOUT THE NUCLEAR DISINTEGRATION OF URANIUM 235, OR PLUTONIUM, AS IN THE ATOMIC BOMB, AND THE RESULTING ENORMOUS TEMPERATURE WOULD INITIATE A HYDROGEN-HYDROGEN

REACTION WITH THE CONSEQUENT ENORMOUS RELEASE OF ENERGY. OUR DRAWING SHOWS: (A) HEAVY HYDROGEN CONTAINER; (B) TAMPER WHICH PREVENTS CHARGE DISPERSING BEFORE IGNITION IS COMPLETE; (C) INSULATING; (D) COMPONENT OF FIGURE NO. 1; (E) INSULATING MATERIAL; (F) PRECAUTIONARY SHIELD; (G) INSULATING; (H) COMPONENT OF FIGURE NO. 1; (I) EXPLOSIVE CHARGE WHICH CAUSES COMPONENT OF FIGURE NO. 1 TO "STRIKE" NO. 2, THEREBY CREATING THE "CRITICAL MASS" AND INITIATING THE CHAIN-REACTION; (J) ACTIVITIES SET TO OPERATE BOMB AT A PREDETERMINED HEIGHT; (K) BATTERY FOR FIRING EXPLOSIVE CHARGE; (L) FUSE.



2. A NUCLEAR CHARGE NOT ONLY RESULTS IN THE LOSS OF MASS (OR MATTER), BUT IN A CORRESPONDING RELEASE OF ENERGY. THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ONE OUNCE OF MATTER RELEASES ENERGY EQUIVALENT TO 1,000,000 B.T.U.



3. THIS ENERGY CAN BE PRODUCED BY THE CONVERSION OF THE ATOMS OF HEAVY HYDROGEN INTO HELIUM ATOMS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE GENERATION OF HEAT AT A TEMPERATURE OF AT LEAST 1,000,000 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.



4. IF, FOR EXAMPLE, TWO ATOMS OF HEAVY HYDROGEN ARE BROUGHT INTO VICINITY "COLLISION" BY MEANS, THEY PRODUCE ONE ATOM OF HELIUM, WHICH IN TURN PRODUCES ENERGY OR POWER, WHICH DUALS FROM THE BOMB AND STRIKES THE TARGET AREA.



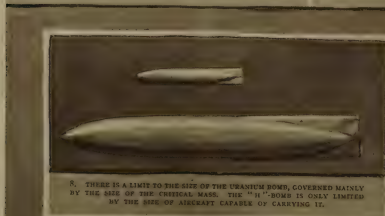
5. IN THE PROPOSED HYDROGEN BOMB THE HEAT WHICH BRINGS ABOUT THIS "COLLISION" OF THE HEAVY HYDROGEN ATOMS IS PRODUCED BY THE FUSION OF A CHARGE OF URANIUM 235 AND THIS MAY BE SAID TO CORRESPOND TO A "DETONATOR."



6. WHEN THE HELIUM ATOMS ARE FORMED, TREMENDOUS ENERGY IS INSTANTANEOUSLY PRODUCED WITHIN THE TAMPER AND CASING OF THE BOMB AND THESE MOMENTARILY HOLD IT IN CHECK UNTIL IGNITION IS COMPLETE.

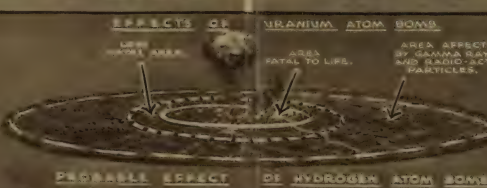


7. THIS DEVASTATING FORCE THEN BURSTS OUT INTO THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE FORM OF TREMENDOUS HEAT, RADIANT AND GAMMA RAYS, COVERING AN AREA IN THE CLOUDS INCALCULABLY GREATER THAN DOES AN ATOMIC BOMB.

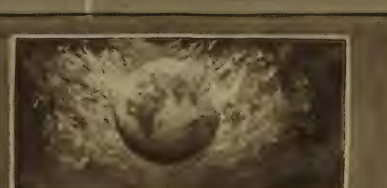


8. THERE IS A LIMIT TO THE SIZE OF THE URANIUM BOMB, COVERED MAINLY BY THE SIZE OF THE CRITICAL MASS. THE "H" BOMB IS ONLY LIMITED BY THE SIZE OF AIRCRAFT CAPABLE OF CARRYING IT.

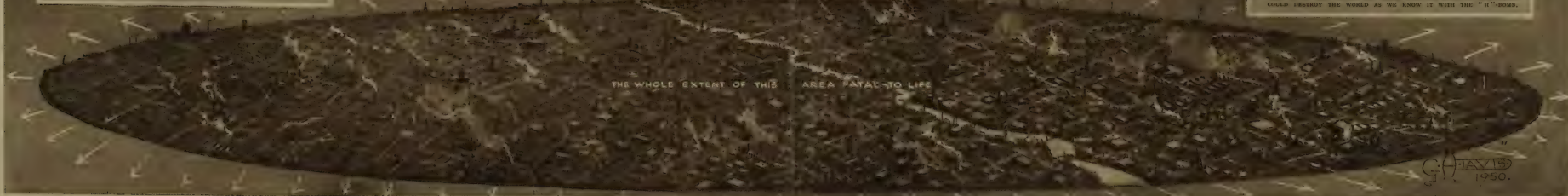
9. IN THE SMALLER DIAGRAM WE ILLUSTRATE THE KNOWN EFFECT OF A URANIUM ATOMIC BOMB ON A CITY. THE CONCENTRIC RINGS DENOTE THE AREAS WHERE (A) LIFE BECOMES EXTINCT; (B) SOME WOULD SURVIVE THE HEAT AND RADIATION; AND (C) GAMMA RAYS REPRESENT THE CHIEF DANGER. (Continued on right.)



10. [Continued] THE LARGER DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATES THE COMPARATIVELY MUCH GREATER AREA IN WHICH LIFE WOULD BECOME EXTINCT SHOULD A HYDROGEN ATOMIC BOMB BURST OVER THE CENTER OF A CITY. IN ADDITION, THERE WOULD BE AREAS EXTENDING FAR BEYOND THE FATAL AREA, WHERE DEATH MIGHT OCCUR FROM GAMMA RAYS.



11. IT HAS BEEN STATED BY SCIENTISTS THAT THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT THAT IN THE NEAR FUTURE ANY POWER WITH THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION COULD DESTROY THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT WITH THE "H" BOMB.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE TO A SUPER-BOMB: A SUGGESTED NEW TYPE OF ATOMIC BOMB, WHOSE EFFECT WOULD BE MANY TIMES GREATER THAN THAT OF A "U-235" ATOMIC BOMB.

At the time of writing it is expected that President Truman may shortly make an authoritative statement on the "H" bomb, which it was recently stated in the United States is now a practical possibility. Apart from moral considerations, and assuming that the bomb can do all that is claimed for it, it is doubtful whether the United States is prepared to devote the necessary money for the project, particularly as it might involve abandoning work on the uranium atomic bomb. As recently as January 25 President Truman asked

Congress for about \$31,303,570 to finance the expansion of atomic energy plans, which were proceeding ahead of schedule, and also asked for another large sum for the Tennessee Valley Authority, to enable it to build additional power sources for the Oakridge atomic power plant. It is claimed that the hydrogen, or "H," bomb would be incomparably more powerful than the "U-235" atomic bomb, and could be made of any size exceeding that of the uranium bomb. The size of the latter is governed by the size of

the "critical mass" which brings about the nuclear disintegration. In the "H" bomb this nuclear disintegration is used as a "detonator," the great heat set up by the fusion serving to bring about a hydrogen-into-helium reaction, with a resulting release of tremendous energy. One of the problems connected with the manufacture of such a bomb is the form in which the heavy hydrogen would be carried. In gas form it would not be sufficiently dense even though compressed, unless placed in a container too massive to

be carried by an aircraft. It would, however, be possible to fill the bomb with liquid, but this again presents difficulties as hydrogen will only remain in that form at very low temperatures. It would appear, then, that it would have to be used as a solid or liquid compound, and Dr. Hans Thirring, an Austrian physicist, has suggested that lithium hydride, a compound obtained by burning lithium in hydrogen, might be used as the filling. This is a comparatively cheap substance.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: BRITAIN; INDIA; JAVA; AND GERMANY.



HOISTED OVER GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DELHI, ON JANUARY 26: THE RED-AND-BLUE FLAG OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA.

On January 26, after the oath of office had been administered to Dr. Prasad, first President of the Republic of India, the President's flag was hoisted over Government House in Delhi. The flag is divided into four rectangles of blue and red, the diagonally opposite ones being of the same colour. On the flag, in gold, are India's State crest; an Ajanta elephant; a pair of scales and a lotus bowl.



NOW DESTINED FOR A MUSEUM: THREE CROWNS FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DELHI, WHICH, WITH OTHER ROYAL SYMBOLS, HAVE BEEN REMOVED AND REPLACED BY INDIA'S STATE ENBLEM, THE ASOKA LIONS AND OTHER SYMBOLS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.



ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION: THE MANOR FARM HOUSE, KENCOT, OXFORDSHIRE, WHICH IS REGARDED AS A TYPICAL AND BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF A COTSWOLD FARMHOUSE.

Under the will of the late Mr. J. S. Furley, the Manor Farm House, Kencot, Oxfordshire, has been acquired by the National Trust. The house is built of stone, with a stone-tiled roof. Parts of it were constructed about 1660, and additions were made early in the eighteenth century and in 1829.



SOLD BY AUCTION: CHYSAUSTER, AN ANCIENT BRITISH SETTLEMENT WHICH FORMS PART OF FARM PROPERTY AT GULVAL, NEAR PENZANCE, CORNWALL.

When a Southend man recently purchased a 128-acre farm three miles from Penzance, in Cornwall, he was surprised to find that he had become nominal owner of an ancient British settlement—Chysauster, which is visited by archaeologists from all over the world. Our photograph shows the hut circle which dates from between the first century B.C., and the first century A.D. In practice the site belongs to the Ministry of Works, and is scheduled as an ancient monument.



GUARDING A STREET CORNER IN BANDOENG: MEMBERS OF THE "FORCES OF THE QUEEN OF JUSTICE" WHICH ARE COMMANDED BY "TURK" WESTERLING.

Captain "Turk" Westerling, the thirty-year-old Dutch Commando rebel against the Indonesian Government, with a private "Army of the Heavenly Host," sometimes called "Forces of the Queen of Justice," seized Bandoeng, on January 23, and held it for a day. Westerling, whose portrait appears on page 180, is the son of a Dutch father and a Turkish mother, and is a Muslim by faith.



THE LONG ROAD TO BERLIN: LORRY DRIVERS WARMING THEMSELVES BY A FIRE AS THEY WAIT TO PASS THROUGH THE RUSSIAN CHECK POINT NEAR HELMSTEDT.

On January 29 there was reported to be some improvement in the rate at which the Russians were allowing lorries from West Germany to Berlin to pass through the check point at Marienborn, near Helmstedt. There were reports that the Soviet obstruction of heavy road traffic, which had been going on for almost a fortnight, was about to be removed, but no confirmation was available.

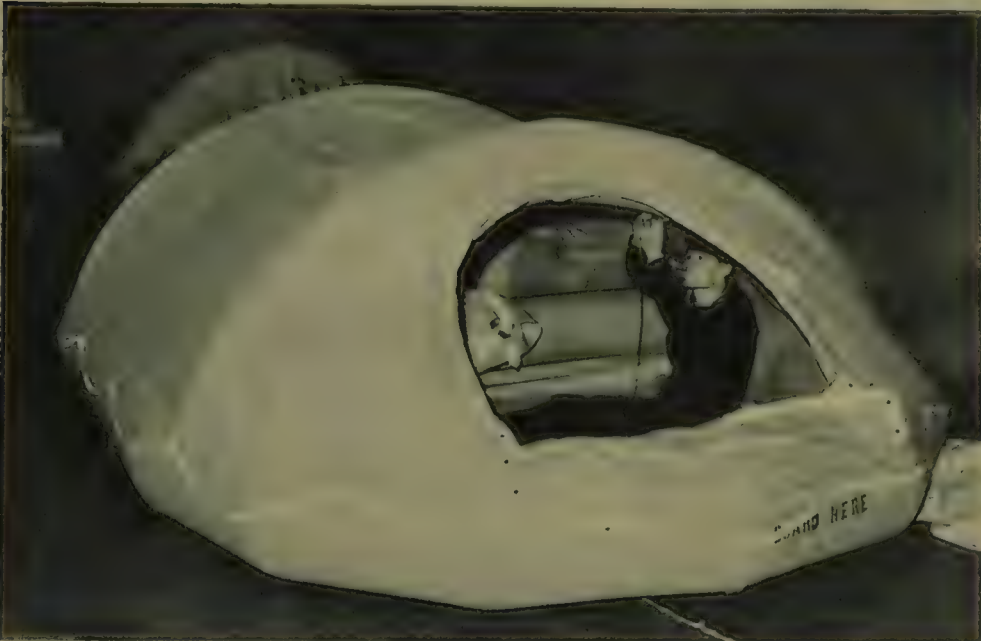
SURVIVAL IN ARCTIC WATERS—TESTING NAVAL VOLUNTEERS AND THEIR SPECIAL EQUIPMENT.



THE NAVAL PARTY THAT RECENTLY LEFT FOR THE ARCTIC: (L. TO R.) A.B. G. C. TONKIN, A.B. W. S. McDONALD, A.B. E. F. J. BARTLETT, STOKER MECH. A. GILMAN, LIEUT. J. L. WATKINSON, R.N., P.O. L. A. F. HAWKEY, STOKER MECH. H. R. RACKHAM, L.S. J. THOMPSON, AND A.B. G. LEWIS.



WEARING THE APPARATUS WHICH WILL BE TESTED: STOKER MECH. RACKHAM IN THE NEW LIFE-SAVING JACKET AND A.B. LEWIS (RIGHT) WEARING AN INFLATABLE SURVIVOR'S SUIT.



CAPABLE OF HOLDING FROM EIGHT TO TWENTY MEN: A COVERED INFLATABLE RUBBER RAFT IN WHICH MEMBERS OF THE PARTY WILL SPEND THREE TO FIVE DAYS AFLOAT.



IN CHARGE OF THE NAVAL "GUINEA PIGS": LIEUT. J. L. WATKINSON, R.N., TALKING TO ONE OF THE PARTY, WHO IS PUTTING HIS HEAD OUT OF A LIFE RAFT.



THE FISHERY PROTECTION VESSEL IN WHICH THE NAVAL AND SCIENTIFIC PARTY SAILED FROM ROSYTH FOR ARCTIC WATERS ON JANUARY 27: H.M.S. TRUELOVE.



SURROUNDED BY RATIONS AND EQUIPMENT TAKEN BY THE PARTY ON THEIR ARCTIC TRIP: "TISH" AND "TOSH," TWO CANARIES WHO WILL BE TAKEN ON BOARD THE RAFT TO GIVE WARNING OF MONOXIDE FUMES. RATIONS WILL CONSIST OF TOFFEE, CONDENSED SWEETENED MILK, OATMEAL BLOCK AND SHORTBREAD.

Nine naval men, all volunteers, sailed from Rosyth on January 27 for Arctic waters. The men, who were accompanied by Professor R. A. McCance, Dr. E. M. Glaser and Mr. R. Luff, of the Department of Experimental Medicine, Cambridge, will undergo survival tests in waters where air temperatures of minus 10 and 15 degrees Centigrade are to be experienced. Wearing survivors' suits, they will test a new type of life raft for two periods of three to five days. Experiments will be made with paraffin heaters inside the raft and canaries and mice will be taken on board to give

warning of monoxide fumes. The men will be given two sets of survivors' rations, one complete 3000 calories diet and one minimum ration of 1500 calories. Each man will also be given about one pint of water daily, which may be carried in tins or produced by a new type of sea-water still, which itself is to undergo tests. Some of the men will wear rubber survivors' suits which, on being inflated, cover the wearer from head to foot and give maximum protection from exposure. A new type of life-jacket, developed from the R.A.F. type, will also be tested.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

**"TURK" WESTERLING.**

Commander of the "Forces of the Queen of Justice," the irregular army of Indonesians, Eurasians and Dutch who recently started an insurrection against the Indonesian Federal Government in Java. Westerling, a former captain in the Netherlands Army, trained as a commando in Britain.

**SIR GEORGE THURSTON.**

Died on January 22, aged eighty. A well-known consulting naval architect, engineer, and mixed fuel specialist, he was for many years naval director of Vickers, Ltd. He was responsible for the design and construction of war vessels, including battleships and cruisers, destroyers, etc., for many of the navies of the world.



A LONDON CEREMONY: MR. KRISHNA MENON, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA, READING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW REPUBLIC TO A GATHERING OF INDIANS AT INDIA HOUSE.

**MR. DONALD HEATH.**

The American Minister in Sofia and the subject of a dispute between the United States and Bulgaria. The United States stated that they would break off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria unless the Bulgarian Government withdrew its demands for the recall of Mr. Heath, who is accused of contact with the late Mr. Kostov.

**MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. LOEWEN.**

Appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Anti-Aircraft Command, to date May, 1950. He has been Commander, Northumbrian District and the 50th Infantry Division (T.A.) since 1948. He commanded the 1st Division from July, 1944, to Jan., 1946; and the 1st Armoured Division in Italy from 1946 until 1947.



ON THE WAY TO HIS ENTHRONEMENT AS BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS: THE REV. CANON A. B. BURROWES. The consecration and enthronement of the Rev. Canon A. B. Burrowes as Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane, took place recently in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. He succeeds the Rt. Rev. J. L. Barkway, who retired in May. The new Bishop, who is fifty-three, had been Principal of Salisbury Theological College since 1937.



THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW REPUBLIC OF INDIA: DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD.

On January 26 the Republic of India was proclaimed and Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the first President, took the oath of office at a ceremony at Government House, in Delhi. Dr. Prasad, who is sixty-five, has been a selfless follower of Mahatma Gandhi for the past thirty years and commands an affection and respect unequalled anywhere else in India. In 1947 he became President of the Congress for the third time.

**RECENTLY CONSECRATED AS BISHOP OF JAMAICA:**

THE REV. B. M. DALE (RIGHT) WITH DR. FISHER.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, recently consecrated the Rev. Basil Montague Dale, rector of Bishop's Hatfield, Hertfordshire, as Bishop of Jamaica. The new Bishop succeeds Dr. William Hardie. Our photograph shows the newly-consecrated Bishop with the Archbishop of Canterbury after the ceremony at Southwark Cathedral.



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL TO THE FORCES: GENERAL SIR G. IVOR THOMAS. Appointed Quartermaster-General to the Forces, War Office, to date June next. He has been General Officer C-in-C, A.-A. Command, since May, 1948. He commanded the 43rd Division in N.-W. Europe, 1944-45; and was Commander, 1st Corps District, B.A.O.R., 1945-47. In 1947 he became Administrator of Polish Forces in Great Britain.



SHAKING HANDS AT THE "WEIGH-IN": FREDDIE MILLS (RIGHT), THE DEFEATED CHAMPION, AND JOEY MAXIM.

At Earl's Court, London, on January 24, thirty-year-old Freddie Mills lost his world light-heavyweight title to the twenty-six-year-old American, Joey Maxim, who knocked him out in the tenth round. Part of three of Mills's teeth were broken off during the fight, and some bones in his jaw were splintered. Mills has decided to retire from the ring.



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM: MR. THOMAS D. KENDRICK.

To be Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum in succession to Sir John Forsdyke, who is retiring on April 30. Mr. Kendrick, who was born in 1895, joined the staff of the British Museum in 1922, and was appointed Keeper of the Department of British Antiquities in 1938. He is well known in the world of antiquarian scholarship.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: THE CAMERA AS A RECORDER OF CURRENT EVENTS.



A LUNCHEON PARTY AT THE Koubba PALACE, CAIRO: KING FAROUK OF EGYPT (CENTRE) WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND MR. BEVIN.

The Egyptians have recently welcomed two distinguished British visitors to Cairo, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Mr. Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, who was on his way back from the Colombo Conference. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived on January 27, the same day as Mr. Bevin, and on the following morning they were received by King Farouk. During his visit Mr. Bevin held conversations with Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier. (Radio picture.)



A BUTCHERS' MEETING IN BLOOMSBURY: MR. J. BALDWIN, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF MEAT TRADERS, WITH MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Fears of meat supplies being suspended were removed after a decision made in London on January 29 by the executive council of the National Federation of Meat Traders, who decided, though under protest, to pay the extra 7d. in the £ levy on the purchase of wholesale meat. The increase in the surcharge was announced by the Ministry of Food on January 19, and came into effect on January 30. The Minister has been asked for an independent inquiry.



SPIRITUAL HEAD OF THE TIBETAN HIERARCHY: THE PANCHEN LAMA WITH THE SEVENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD REGENT LO-CH'ANG-CHAN AND SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTORS (L. AND R.).

The Panchen and Dalai Lamas, both boys, are spiritual heads of the Tibetan hierarchy. The predecessor of the former (who has restricted temporal but superior spiritual power) left Tibet for China in 1924, and the present Panchen Lama is pro-Chinese and lives at Kumbum lamasery.



HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR TWO YEARS: PRESIDENT SOEKARNO OF INDONESIA BOWS IN HOMAGE TO HIS OLD MOTHER AT HER HOME IN BLITAR.

President Soekarno of Indonesia recently visited his home for the first time in two years, and saw his eighty-six-year-old mother, who is a native of Bali Island. The President's wife and their young daughter can also be seen in our photograph.



THE OPENING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT: A GENERAL VIEW OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, CAPE TOWN, AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ARRIVED.

The South African Parliament was opened on January 20 by the Governor-General, Mr. Brand van Zyl. The Speech from the Throne recorded an improvement in the South African balance of payments. General Smuts, as Leader of the Opposition, gave notice of a motion of "No confidence" in the Government.



AT A REUNION OF WOMEN STUDENTS AT LEYDEN UNIVERSITY: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS (CENTRE) GOING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS.

Queen Juliana recently attended the reunion of students of Leyden University—where she herself studied—and the opening of the 10th Lustrum of the Society of Women Students in Leyden. After a reunion lunch, the official opening took place in the Zuider Kerk.

SCIENCE, SPORT, HISTORY AND MUSIC: ITEMS FROM AMERICA AND AFRICA.



ADAPTING MAN TO THE SUPERSONIC AGE TO COME: TESTING A DUMMY IN A PARACHUTE EJECTION DEVICE IN CALIFORNIA. THE DUMMY RIDES IN A SPECIAL DEVICE WHICH TRAVELS AT SPEEDS OF ABOUT 1000 M.P.H. ON RAILS, BUT PROPELLED BY ROCKETS.

The development of extremely high speeds in aircraft poses a number of problems of the reaction of the human body. Above and below (left) we show photographs of a U.S. device for solving the problems of parachute escape of the pilot of a supersonic aircraft. A railway line of two miles length,

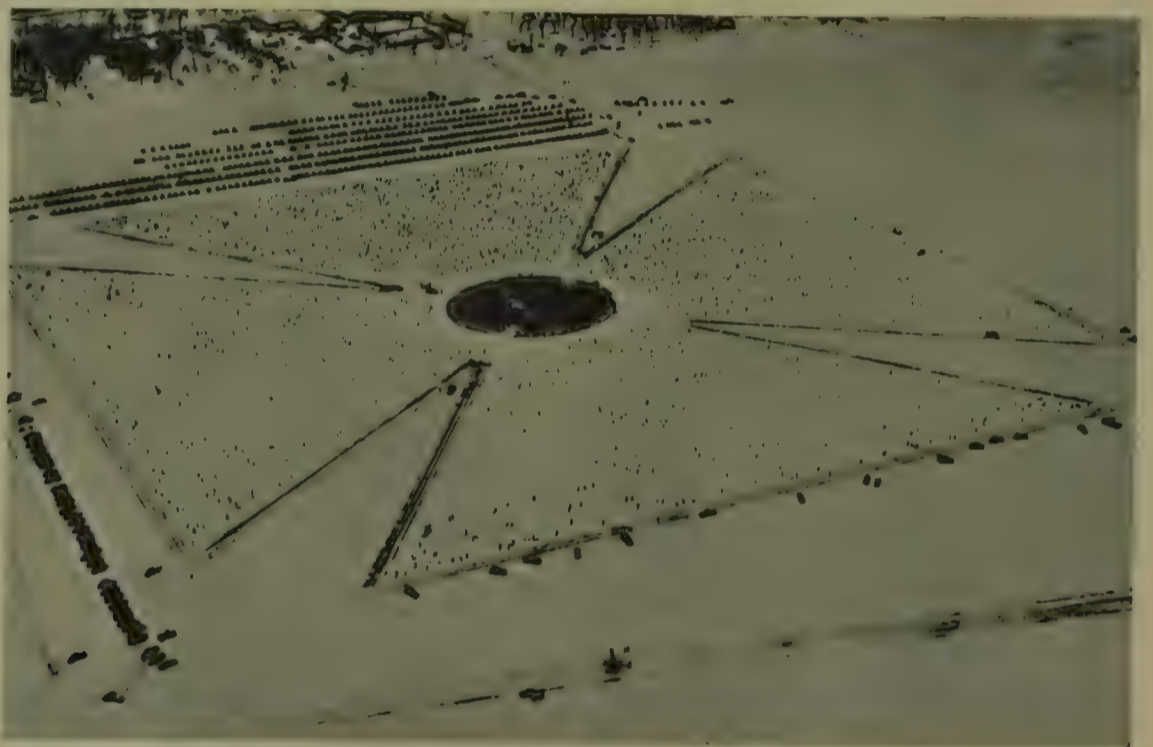


HOW THE HUMAN BODY REACTS DURING CRASH DECELERATION: A U.S. LABORATORY MODEL, KNOWN AS "THE THIN MAN," PHOTOGRAPHED BY MULTIPLE EXPOSURE DURING IMPACT.

dead straight, has been laid at Edwards Air Force Base, California. On this runs, at speeds in the neighbourhood of 1000 m.p.h., a rocket-propelled "sled," in which rides a dummy pilot to test the ejection seat. Above (right) we show an allied experiment to test the movements of the body in a crash.



THE "PILOT" LEAVES HIS "PLANE": THE DUMMY EJECTED DURING THE SUPERSONIC TESTS (SEE ABOVE), AND FLYING FREE OF THE "SLED."



SHOWING THE MALTESE CROSS INSIGNIA OF THE ASSOCIATION MARKED ON THE ICE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS FISHING CONTEST ON FOREST LAKE, MINN., U.S.A.

It is reported that 2500 anglers competed in the annual Veterans of Foreign Wars Fishing Contest on Forest Lake, Minn., U.S.A., on January 22. A large crowd of spectators assembled, and the prize of 200 dollars in fishing equipment was won with a 3 lb. 7 oz. black bass. Fishing takes place through a hole in the ice.



MOVING A RELIC OF TABLE BAY'S DEFENCES: AN ANCIENT SENTRY-BOX NOW PLACED IN POSITION OUTSIDE THE CAPE TOWN MUSEUM.

A wooden sentry-box, stated to be some 200 years old, was successfully moved from the old site of Fort Knokke and set up at the entrance to the South African Museum, Cape Town. Great care had to be taken over the operation, as some years ago, a similar relic collapsed when attempts were made to move it.



AN ELECTRONIC CARILLON FOR A U.S. MILITARY STATION: THE CHAPLAIN, MAJOR F. E. MORSE, AT THE 25-NOTE KEYBOARD IN THE STATION CHAPEL.

On Governors Island, just south of the Battery, at the tip of Manhattan Island, the U.S. Army maintains a military post. In the chapel of the post, St. Cornelius Chapel, has been recently installed an electronic carillon. This is controlled by a keyboard beside the chapel's organ. It has a range extending from G below middle C to G in the second octave above middle C. The lowest note is equivalent in pitch and tone to a bell weighing 6½ tons. The sound and amplifier units are in the chapel and connect with the keyboard and also with the amplifier horns which are installed in the chapel tower.



THE HEART OF AN ELECTRONIC CARILLON: THE LARGER UPPER UNIT PRODUCES THE SOUND, THE LOWER BEING THE AMPLIFIER.

ARCHÆOLOGY, SCIENCE AND OTHER ITEMS: THE UNUSUAL IN NEWS FROM ABROAD.

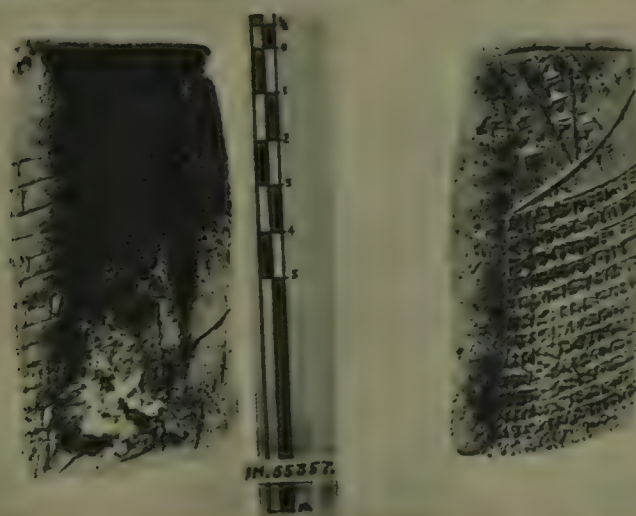


THE PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN NEW YORK: A VIEW OF THE NEARLY-COMPLETED SECRETARIAT BUILDING WHICH MAY BE OCCUPIED IN THE AUTUMN. The corner-stone of the United Nations permanent headquarters in New York was laid by Mr. Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General, on October 24 last year. The ceremony was attended by some 10,000 people, including delegates to the United Nations, and President Truman was the principal speaker. It is expected that the building will be ready by the autumn. As is shown by our photograph, it is in the form of a narrow skyscraper, which avoids the necessity for a "well" to light inner rooms.



WHERE NOT EVEN AN ECHO DISTURBS THE SILENCE: THE ANECHOIC ROOM AT THE ACOUSTICS DIVISION OF THE U.S. NAVAL ORDNANCE LABORATORY.

Dr. Guy S. Cooke, of the Acoustics Division of the U.S. Naval Ordnance Laboratory, is seen here in one of the world's most unusual rooms. It is known as an anechoic (non-echo) room in which only a few tenths of 1 per cent. of any sound emitted within it is reflected as an echo. The walls are lined with over 30,000 fibre glass wedges which also cover the floor and ceiling. Dr. Cooke is attaching an electrical wire to a large horn used in the experiments.



A SCHOOL "TEXTBOOK" OF 2000 B.C.: ONE OF THE CLAY TABLETS RECENTLY EXCAVATED IN THE SUMERIAN TOWN OF SHADIPPUR (NOW TEL HAR-MEL, IN IRAK). It was recently announced that during excavations in Irak, at the Sumerian town of Shadippur, a number of clay tablets, bearing the solution of a geometrical problem seventeen centuries before it appeared in Euclid, had been found. The tablets were discovered in private houses and number, so far, 2400. The problem is that ascribed to Pythagoras (6th century, B.C.), proving that the square on the hypotenuse in a right-angled triangle equals the sum of the squares on the other two sides. The American Schools of Oriental Research have been asked to provide help.



BOUND FOR ENGLAND IN A "DHOW-JUNK": MEMBERS OF THE CREW ABOARD BOLEH AT SINGAPORE BEFORE COMMENCING A 15,000-MILE SEA VOYAGE. A strange hybrid craft described as a "dhow-junk" is being sailed from Singapore to England by Commander R. Kilroy, R.N., Mr. George Jarvis, Lieut.-Commander J. Rusher, R.N., and Lieut.-Commander Peter Aplin. With them is a Chinese cook, Chang Hai Kun. Named *Boleh* (Malay for "Can do"), the craft is 40 ft. overall and has a 9-h.p. auxiliary motor. The 15,000-mile sea voyage is expected to last seven months.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HUMANE RABBIT-TRAPPING—THE END OF A THIRTY-YEAR QUEST.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A SHORT while ago, a meeting was called in London to consider how the killing of whales could be made more humane. The time and circumstances of the meeting, the place where it was held and the name of the organiser are not important here. For the present purpose, the important thing is that such a meeting was held. Someone, commenting upon this, raised the question: what good could such a meeting do? But surely the answer is that when, in a world where human survival and security are

avoid being what is termed "sentimental" in this matter; and that the one hope of converting our fellow-men from indiscriminate and painful killing of animals is to show that it does not pay.

A professional zoologist is apt to be something of a contradiction. He cannot pursue his trade without studying animals that have been deliberately killed for investigation; yet in doing so he tends to develop, to a high degree, a sympathy with these animals and a strong antipathy to (what he considers) unnecessary killing. Moreover, he sees more clearly, perhaps, than most people, the need for selectiveness in this killing, and appreciates the paramount necessity for the conservation of some species and the persecution of the pest species. He is also apt to be more shy of showing "sentiment" in his conversations on the topic than most people.

On receipt of a leaflet, from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, describing a new rabbit-trap, it seemed worth while to follow it up with a visit. The offices at 105, Jermyn Street, S.W.1, include a small room, open to the public, where posters and leaflets are displayed, showing the scope of the Society's work, and it was clear from these that the R.S.P.C.A. is not unaware of the value of the appeal to the utilitarian value of avoiding cruelty, although the altruistic appeal is not neglected. The story of the new rabbit-trap also illustrates the point.

The rabbit is not a native animal with us, having been introduced at the time of the Conquest, its original home being south-west Europe. Whether it is because of the adaptability of the animal, or because it has left its controlling predators behind; whether it is that the climate is to its liking, or the topography of our countryside, or because its natural enemies, both our small predaceous mammals and raptorial birds, have been killed off or seriously reduced in defence of game preserves and poultry-farming, there

rabbit-pie, while some wear the rabbit's pelt in some form or other.

The methods used to curb the animal's increase, or to satisfy the demands of the kitchen or the furrier, are several. Where the local rabbit population is large, netting or gassing may be used. The gun, the wire-snare, the ferret and the spotlight are also used, and all are comparatively humane. There will, of course, be the occasional maiming, wounding by a bad marksman, the badly-made snare that does not kill quickly, and so on; but even the natural predators sometimes maim without killing. The bane of the humanitarian—and of the naturalist—is, however, the open trap, the steel-toothed trap or gin; and it is against this that the R.S.P.C.A. has directed its efforts.

For thirty years the Society has searched for a trap that, while killing in a humane manner, would



THE R.S.P.C.A. "SAWYER" RABBIT-TRAP, WHICH WON IN 1947 THE PRIZE THE SOCIETY HAD OFFERED THIRTY YEARS BEFORE FOR A HUMANE TRAP WHICH SHOULD FULFIL ALL THEIR REQUIREMENTS.

The Society's requirements for this trap, which have at last been successfully met, included: that it could be set in a burrow; needed no bait, poison or explosive; should kill as it caught, without damaging the carcass; be no heavier than the average spring trap; and be comparable in price with other traps. The picture shows the setting position from the side, the dotted line being the level of the run, and the arms inclining into the burrow.

seriously imperilled, a group of men can spend their time discussing how to make the killing of whales less painful, then there is still hope for mankind.

In any civilised human community we are likely to find those to whom killing of any kind is completely abhorrent, and those in whom indiscriminate killing produces no revulsion. The first is usually a strict vegetarian, though not necessarily so, for under a civilised economy some of the kindest and most humane people are the most vociferous in their complaint against the smallness of the meat ration. The killing for food is remote from many of us: it is done by someone else, and we not only do not see it take place, but we are normally so unaware of it that a carcass in a butcher's shop is seldom associated in our minds with the living animal.

The moral issue involved in man's killing of animals is no simple one. Animal has been killing animal almost from the beginning of time; and man has a close kinship with the animal kingdom. Certainly, it would be a futile optimism to preach vegetarianism to an Eskimo; and there must be other races to whom flesh-foods are essential for survival. And then there is apt to be interposed, in any discussion of this, the question of how far animals can feel pain. At least, we can say that to the normal civilised human unnecessary killing should be anathema and, where it is necessary, it should be as painless as possible. But, again, a great deal hinges on our interpretation of "necessary" and "painless." Out of the complexities of the many-faceted argument which could develop around this point, however, two things are certain: that the majority of people try to



THE "SAWYER" TRAP SET IN A BURROW, WITH THE GROUND SCRAPED AWAY TO ALLOW THE TRIP-PLATE TO BE LEVEL WITH THE RUN AND IN ITS CENTRE. THE EXPOSED PARTS ARE SUBSEQUENTLY COVERED OR CAMOUFLAGED.

be simple, inexpensive and easy to repair. Hundreds of designs have been submitted, and from among these the "Sawyer" trap was selected in 1947, for the prize of £300, as the one fulfilling the Society's conditions. It is set in a burrow, uses no poison, bait or explosive, kills as it catches, and is no heavier, nor more expensive, than other traps. The animal, once caught, cannot escape, and no parts of the trap can be jammed by stones or other material; and death is instantaneous. Above all, the trap acts equally well, whether the rabbit is entering or leaving the burrow, owing to the relative position of the trip-plate in relation to the steel arms.

For hundreds of years, wild animals have been caught by steel-toothed leg-traps, and the mutilations that have resulted have revolted the feelings of many. In their struggles, the victims have often wrenched themselves free, leaving a limb behind, an action which must have led to weeks of pain. In 1939, the Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act forbade the setting of spring-traps in the open, which catch not only rabbits and hares, but other animals which it is desirable to conserve. The evil still goes on, however, and public opinion is powerless to prevent it, and the law impotent against the secret user of such traps. Perhaps the strongest argument to those who think only in terms of profit is found in the fact that with the "Sawyer" trap there is no loss of weight through the terrified struggles of the trapped animal, the pelt remains clean even

in the wettest weather and, death being instantaneous, there is no squealing to attract the attention of the larger predatory animals.

Perhaps, at last, the evils of open trapping are within sight of being banished. At least there is comfort in the fact that 25,000 "Sawyer" traps have been sold in a year, without advertising.



A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE EFFICIENCY AND HUMANITY OF THE R.S.P.C.A. "SAWYER" RABBIT-TRAP: THE TOTAL KILL FROM A SINGLE NIGHT'S SETTING, COMPRISING 27 RABBITS AND 2 RATS. In this remarkable photograph the carcasses have been laid out exactly as found, with all the traps still in position. Both the rats and twenty-five of the rabbits were trapped round the neck, perfectly cleanly, and were thus killed instantaneously, therefore without pain and without damage to pelt or carcass. The two other rabbits (centre, top) were caught round the loins, but were dead on inspection in the morning.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

is no doubt that the rabbit is a pest. It would be more of a pest if left alone. So clearly, in the interests of agriculture, some curb must be placed on it. This is a view that will command a more ready response from the farmer than the town-dweller. On the other hand, there are large numbers of town-dwellers who have a taste for

FUSELI'S STRANGE AND FASCINATING WORLD: DISPLAYED IN A LONDON SHOW.

THE strange-ness and originality of the work of Henry Fuseli, R.A. (Johann Heinrich Füssli, 1741-1825), the Swiss-born artist who became Keeper of the Royal Academy in 1804, make a strong appeal to modern taste, and the Loan Exhibition of his work at the New Burlington Galleries (Jan. 27 to Feb. 25) is likely to attract much attention. The exhibition has been organised by the Arts Council of Great Britain, in co-operation with the Pro-Helvetia Foundation of Zurich, and most of the works on view have been lent from collections in Switzerland, though

(Continued below.)



"PROMENADING LADIES"; BY HENRY FUSELI, R.A. (1741-1825). A ROMANTIC AND SINISTER DRAWING. (Oeffentlich Kunstsammlung, Basel.)



"WOMAN READING"; A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE HIGHLY INDIVIDUAL STYLE OF THE SWISS-BORN ARTIST, FUSELI, WHO BECAME KEEPER OF THE R.A. (Kunsthau, Zurich.)



"ELEGANT LADY, SEATED ON A DIVAN, WEARING A HAT." FUSELI WAS SELF-TAUGHT. (Kunsthau, Zurich.)



"COURTESAN WITH A BARE BOSOM"; THE EXAGGERATION OF THE COSTUME IS CHARACTERISTIC OF FUSELI. (Kunsthau, Zurich.)



"TWO GIRLS LOOKING OUT OF A CABIN WINDOW." FUSELI FREQUENTLY ILLUSTRATED THEMES FROM SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON, AS WELL AS MAKING HIGHLY PERSONAL DRAWINGS. (Kunsthau, Zurich.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY." THE SITTER'S MYSTERIOUS EXPRESSION IS TYPICAL OF THE ARTIST. (Oeffentlich Kunstsammlung, Basel.)

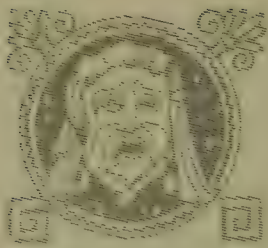


"A YOUNG MAN READING TO TWO GIRLS BY CANDLELIGHT"; A DRAWING SHOWING AFFINITY WITH BLAKE. (Kunsthau, Zurich.)

Continued.] some paintings and drawings from British sources have been added. Professor Paul Ganz and Dr. W. Wartmann, Director of the Kunsthau, Zurich, have selected the exhibits, and Dr. Karl Naef has rendered great assistance. Fuseli was originally intended for the Church, but he was recommended by Reynolds to become an artist, and he was largely self-taught. He spent nine years in Italy studying the works of Michelangelo, which influenced him deeply, and his work has a certain affinity with that of his contemporary, Blake. His best-known productions are, perhaps, his illustrations to the plays of Shakespeare.



"CANDAULES STABBED IN HIS SLEEP"; CANDAULES, KING OF LYDIA (c. B.C. 718-668) WAS MURDERED AT THE INSTIGATION OF HIS QUEEN. (Kunsthau, Zurich.)



The World of the Cinema.

POLICEMEN GALORE.

By ALAN DENT.

BY an odd chance I missed seeing two of the best films of recent months, and when I found these two bracketed in the same excellent programme at the little Tatler Theatre, in the Charing Cross Road, I unhesitatingly, if a little shamefacedly, paid to see them. I say "a little shamefacedly," because your professional critic is inclined to pose as blasé and bored and does not care to be discovered quite frankly enjoying himself—very much (I dare say) as your professional tea-taster would hate to be seen sitting down to enjoy a nice cup of tea and "swallow the lot" for a change.

The two films were "Whisky Galore" (directed by Alexander Mackendrick) and "It Always Rains on Sunday" (directed by Robert Hamer). The first of these would appear to be an excruciatingly funny film to anyone who is not a native of Scotland. The audience at The Tatler must have been English to a man and woman, for they chortled and chuckled with delight at what was (to me) the tragic and deeply-moving spectacle of a handful of Hebridean fishermen who have suddenly exhausted the island's whisky supply (the year being 1943) and see no immediate prospect of receiving any new consignment. Then a solemn and terrible thing happens. A steamer laden with cases of whisky founders and is abandoned within sight of the island. Have the islanders the courage to defy the English Home Guard, sail out in their fishing smacks, and purloin the whisky? They have and they will. But then befalls the ghastliest circumstance of all. It is a Saturday evening when intimation of the wreck's cargo arrives; and to sail out at midnight as is intended will mean a desecration of the Sabbath. Never did twenty-four hours of weary waiting hang more heavily on a few dozen men.

But even a Hebridean Sunday must come to an end at last, and the iron tongue of midnight has barely begun to toll twelve when the fishing-

streets of Bethnal Green. Part of the action concerns a housewife (Googie Withers) who harbours in her bedroom for a whole afternoon a former sweetheart who has escaped from Dartmoor (John McCallum). At dusk the desperado makes off again, and he is finally hounded down in that most cinematic of places, a railway goods-yard. This is well told and well played, and Miss Withers' study of a woman quite happily married to a dull husband, who despises herself for retaining some affection for the earlier sweetheart whom she knows to be an almost unmitigated scoundrel, is a study of some poignancy, authenticity and unsentimentality.



A FILM WHICH "HAS A CAPITAL SCRIPT AND A THOUSAND HAPPY TOUCHES IN ITS DIRECTION": "THE BLUE LAMP," SHOWING P.C. MITCHELL (JIMMY HANLEY) TALKING TO THE YOUNG CROOK, TOM (DIRK BOGARDE), AND HIS GIRL-FRIEND, DIANA (PEGGY EVANS).

"The Blue Lamp," the new film at the Odeon, Leicester Square, is a study of the London Police Force. It has moments of intense excitement and "a thousand happy touches," and contains some really fine acting. Mr. Warner as an ordinary London "copper" manages to "portray the ordinary so extraordinarily well." Miss Henson is highly commended by Mr. Dent for the way in which she plays the shot policeman's wife. Mr. Dent has praise for others too, including Mr. Bogarde, who "is very convincingly the handsome little rat who shoots the policeman."

The other part of the film's action concerns a plain-clothes policeman (Jack Warner) and his baiting and gradual rounding-up of three deplorable young rogues of the "spiv" type (most amusingly played by Jimmy Hanley, Alfie Bass and John Carol).

The new film at the Odeon, in Leicester Square, "The Blue Lamp," may be described as a development and a broadening-out of this aspect of "It Always Rains on Sunday." It is also by way of being a full-length semi-documentary study of the London

Police Force and its methods of working. Mr. Warner is this time seen as an ordinary London "copper" on the verge of retirement. This actor portrays the ordinary so extraordinarily well, and with such warmth and likeableness, that his death at the hands of a cheap little gangster (Dirk Bogarde) caught red-handed at shopbreaking gives us a pang in which there is as much indignation as sorrow. This film has a capital script and a thousand happy touches in its

direction (by Basil Dearden). When, for example, the shot policeman's wife (Gladys Henson) is told that her husband has not recovered from his operation, she has no melodramatic cry of woe. She has not even a tear. She is holding some flowers which she was taking to him at the hospital, and all she says is: "I'd better put these in water." That is precisely the sort of commonplace thing such people do say in such circumstances. This is true reticence in grief, and Miss Henson knows well how to make it tell.

There is fun, too. I could have wished that the Paddington Police Station's glee-club had practised Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds" for many more minutes than it did. As I remember Browning said:

I like to know the butcher paints,
The baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much elate
Blows out his brains upon the flute.

Along the same lines, one likes to be told that the bobby off-duty joins other bobbies in manly harmony, and enjoys singing "Nymphs and Shepherds, Come Away" as a change from ordering thieves and vagabonds to come along.

There is abundance of dry humour as well. A good example occurs when someone at the station asks where is P.C. Mitchell (Jimmy Hanley), and the reply comes: "Unless we've produced a new brand of policeman, he'll be in the canteen!" And there is no end of good acting. Mr. Warner and Miss Henson have already been highly commended. Mr. Hanley's clean, decent and thorough young constable is hardly recognisable as the same actor who plays the scruffy and furtive Artful Dodger in the older film described above. That young past-mistress in the art of playing trollops, Dora Bryan, has one very funny moment when she is told that the pearls a seedy little jeweller had given her are false. She puts volumes of indignant rage into the single word "Cultured!" Mr. Bogarde is very convincingly the handsome little rat who



"A FULL-LENGTH SEMI-DOCUMENTARY STUDY OF THE LONDON POLICE FORCE AND ITS METHODS OF WORKING": "THE BLUE LAMP," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH MAISIE (DORA BRYAN) LEARNS THAT THE JEWELS GIVEN TO HER BY JORDON (REGINALD PURDELL) ARE FALSE ONLY WHEN HE REVEALS THIS TO THE POLICE CONSTABLE (JACK WARNER) AFTER A ROBBERY.



A "LIVELY AND VERISIMILAR FILM": "THE BLUE LAMP," SHOWING TOM (DIRK BOGARDE) HOLDING UP THE CINEMA CASHIER. THE FILM, A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION, IS DIRECTED BY BASIL DEARDEN.

village square, deserted a moment ago in the moonlight, is suddenly filled with eager pilferers—men lashed to action with a thirst for usquebaugh. Many cases are saved from the wreck in the nick of time, the Home Guard (led by Basil Radford) is satisfactorily confounded, and the receptacles in which the rescued whisky is stored and concealed have to be seen to be believed in all their infinite variety. At this late stage a feeling of intense relief allowed me to join in the laughter of an audience which was now almost tired of laughing. This taut tragedy has been most wittily contrived and written by Compton Mackenzie, and Ernest Irving's music (mainly Caledonian) helps to point the wit. Thus, at the outset, an aged Hebridean is describing the island, and he concludes: "To the West there is nothing whatever—[musical chord in the minor]—excepting America!" Amid much delightful acting I enjoyed nothing quite so much as Jean Cadell's dour matron very gradually thawing into a smile at her son's wedding-feast.

The Sunday in the other film, though a dire one of another sort, is in the widest possible contrast. It is a tale of crime in the drab

shoots the policeman. I confess I had one or two doubts as to whether a really capable young detective would have quite so self-assured an air as that usually-satisfying actor, Robert Flemyng, brings to his part. And I confess to rather more doubts as to whether the most blundering crook would consort with a "moll" so hen-wittedly hysterical as the one Peggy Evans is asked to portray.

But there all possible doubts about this lively and verisimilar film are at an end. The car-chase at the end is as exciting as Hollywood itself could make it, and rendered all the more enjoyable because many of us may be able to recognise the streets of North-West London in which it happens. And the general impression conveyed of the London Police Force in general is one of a reassuring smartness, thoroughness and efficiency. Years ago Sir Max Beerbohm, when he was a London dramatic critic, described his colleagues as "a fine upstanding body of men—like the Metropolitan Police." This film pleasantly persuades us to think that the Metropolitan Police are a fine upstanding body of men and women—like the critics of the cinema.

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DUTCH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ART: WITHIN DOORS AND IN THE OPEN AIR.



"THE COAST NEAR SCHEVENINGEN"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1630-1682).
A VIEW AT HIGH TIDE. SIGNED. EXHIBITED AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, 1871.

THE glorious flowering of pictorial art in seventeenth-century Holland took a considerable variety of forms. The Dutch painters of this great period produced landscapes and seascapes which recorded with great delicacy of perception the changing effects of light and weather on their flat meadows, long coastline, waterways and woodland paths. They also

[Continued below, centre.]



"A WOODLAND STREAM"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1630-1682). A WOODY LANDSCAPE DIVIDED IN HALF BY A POOL OF WATER; IN FRONT, AN OAK, WITH TWO DUCKS ABOUT TO FLY. SIGNED AND DATED 166—.



"A SPORTING PARTY HALTING AT AN INN"; BY PAULUS POTTER (1625-1654), THE CELEBRATED DUTCH PAINTER OF ANIMALS. SIGNED AND DATED 1645.



"THE YOUNG MOTHER"; BY SAMUEL VAN HOOGSTRAATEN (1627-1678), AN ARTIST WHO VISITED LONDON IN 1663 AND FOUND MANY ADMIRERS THERE. SIGNED WITH INITIALS.



"A HORSE TETHERED OUTSIDE AN INN"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1605-1691), AN ARTIST SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS THE "DUTCH CLAUDE." SIGNED.



"THE THIRSTY HERDSMAN"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1605-1691). HE PAINTED MANY PICTURES OF THE BORDERS OF THE MAAS, WITH CATTLE AND HERDSMEN.

[Continued.]

The landscape of "The Coast near Scheveningen," by Jacob van Ruisdael, was exhibited at Burlington House in 1871, and that of "A Woodland Stream," by the same artist, was at one time in the collection of M. van der Pot, Amsterdam. The latter is mentioned by Dr. Hofstede de Groot in his "Catalogue of Dutch Painters," as is the Paulus Potter which we reproduce. Potter, who died in his twenty-ninth year, is said to have exhausted his delicate constitution by his unremitting devotion

to his art. Cuyp's paintings of shepherds and herdsmen with their flocks are among the most enchanting of Dutch landscapes, and his sea-pieces are of equal beauty. It is interesting to recall that it was in this country that Cuyp's genius was first fully recognised. Hoogstraten, who was a poet and author as well as a painter, studied in Rembrandt's school, but later followed the style of Pieter de Hooch. Maes, considered to be one of the finest of Dutch genre painters, studied under Rembrandt.

[Continued below.]



"THE LACE-MAKER"; BY NICOLAUS MAES (1632-1693), AN ARTIST WHO STUDIED UNDER REMBRANDT.

to his art. Cuyp's paintings of shepherds and herdsmen with their flocks are among the most enchanting of Dutch landscapes, and his sea-pieces are of equal beauty. It is interesting to recall that it was in this country that Cuyp's genius was first fully recognised. Hoogstraten, who was a poet and author as well as a painter, studied in Rembrandt's school, but later followed the style of Pieter de Hooch. Maes, considered to be one of the finest of Dutch genre painters, studied under Rembrandt.



THE more one sees of the household furniture of the past, the more one is tempted to note the changes in fashion between one generation and another, and to forget how very obstinate are old traditions. When one does happen to come across two pieces which, at a casual glance, are very similar in form and which, at the same time, are separated by about forty years of good cabinet-making, one is tempted to regard them as exceptions to a general rule and to make no further comment. The two card-tables of Figs. 1 and 2 illustrate the point very well indeed. The differences between them would, of course, be fairly obvious if we were standing before them. A photograph, with its absence of colour, emphasises their similarity—so much so that it is necessary to look twice, and closely, before noticing that, though the family likeness is marked, one is the other's grandson, and not a brother. There is no mistaking the grain of the two woods of which they are made—the first the broken, speckled soft comfort of walnut, the second the straight-grained warmth of mahogany. Fig. 1, with its slender, tapering cabriole legs, ending in club feet, has as its sole decoration acanthus leaves on the two front legs; Fig. 2 has a similar cabriole, slightly more pronounced, with the acanthus-leaf carving finished on each side with a scroll, and a shell in between—moreover, each of the four legs



FIG. 1. CARRIED OUT IN WALNUT: A CARD-TABLE WHICH COULD WELL HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. This walnut card-table has, as its sole decoration, acanthus leaves on the two front legs. There is no mistaking the grain of the wood from which it is made, "the broken, speckled soft comfort of walnut," writes Frank Davis. [Courtesy of F. Partridge and Sons.]



FIG. 2. CARRIED OUT IN MAHOGANY: A CHIPPENDALE CARD-TABLE, c. 1760. CARVED WITH ACANTHUS LEAF, SHELL AND SCROLL DECORATIONS. This Chippendale card-table has a cabriole similar to that of the Queen Anne piece, but slightly more pronounced, and the edges of the table are carved. Mr. Davis refers to the "straight-grained warmth of mahogany" from which it is made. [Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.]

implication that the craft of veneering was a recent device is, of course, incorrect.

We were talking of niceties—those small subtleties which mark the difference between one fine piece and another, and between fine and ordinary pieces. Look

at Fig. 3—a settee nearly 8 ft. in length. Wood: mahogany; period: the 1750's; craftsmanship: consummate; style: ornate, and a thing of flowing curves, of scrolls, of broken lines, or, rather, of nicely balanced waves. And what a dangerous model for the cabinet-makers of a hundred years later to put before the eyes of their new rich customers! "This is the finest and most luxurious settee the mid-eighteenth century could produce—let us show you how much better we can

do this sort of thing to-day—three times as many scrolls, twice the curves, four times the weight." Here is the beautifully balanced origin of much of the furniture of the time of the Great Exhibition. How odd that so graceful a tradition should become heavy and pompous! It is easy enough to see why these flowing curves were *démodé* after a single generation and were replaced by straight lines: it is much more difficult to understand why, with such models before them, nineteenth-century manufacturers went to such extremes of clumsiness.

Straight lines? I mean the sort of piece like Fig. 4, which epitomises pretty well the ideals of the woman of taste of about 1795. Satinwood, of course, with slender, tapering legs and a charming adjustable silk screen to protect delicate complexions from the fire. Satinwood is not everyone's ideal, and it soon went out of fashion. Apart from certain notable

inlaid pieces from Adam designs (which are in a class by themselves) these small bits of nonsense from the last decade of the eighteenth century seem to me to exhibit its possibilities better than anything. The wood demands light treatment in its own right, as it were, and it does not require much imagination to see how eagerly designers seized upon it to satisfy the demand for elegant drawing-room furniture with simple lines. The gulf between this and the rich sophistication of the settee in Fig. 3 is scarcely to be bridged. We are in an entirely different world, but it is still a world in which clean, untortured designs were taken for granted. Once again, how very strange that with such a tradition behind them the furniture trade thirty years or so later should have produced

such extraordinary monstrosities!—and still more, that the public should have welcomed them! Have you ever seen any of the illustrations of fussy furniture in the catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851? By their side our own modern tubular furniture, which some people find so repellent, has an almost classic grace, however uncomfortably it may remind us of the hospital operating theatre. Lest it be thought that I am abusing early-Victorian England alone, I hasten to add that the blight was not an English but a European disaster, and that the furniture of the reign of King Louis-Philippe across the Channel is no less a byword. Perhaps, after all, it is unreasonable to expect that so gay and confident

a piece as the settee illustrated here could be produced at any time except during a particular decade, when both maker and client happened to possess a special refinement of taste, for the man who makes it must have a market, and the



FIG. 3. NEARLY 8 FT. IN LENGTH: A MAHOGANY SETTEE, c. 1750, OF ORNATE STYLE AND SUPERB CRAFTSMANSHIP. THE "BEAUTIFULLY BALANCED ORIGIN OF MUCH OF THE FURNITURE OF THE . . . GREAT EXHIBITION."

This superb settee, ornate, "a thing of flowing curves, of scrolls, of broken lines, or, rather, of nicely balanced waves," is, writes Frank Davis, "the beautifully balanced origin of much of the furniture of the time of the Great Exhibition," and adds, "how odd that so graceful a tradition should become heavy and pompous."

Courtesy of F. Partridge and Sons.

carries this carving, and all four terminate in claw-and-ball feet. The edges of the table are also carved. In such niceties, in such small differences, can the innocent houseproud take delight! The walnut table could well have been made in the reign of Queen Anne; the mahogany one hardly earlier than the 1740's, and quite possibly as late as 1770, and sixty years or so is quite a long time for a basic pattern to remain constant. That the granddaughter of the man who bought the walnut piece very possibly consigned it to the attic or gave it away to an old servant when she acquired the up-to-date mahogany table is another matter—"My dear, imagine me living with prehistoric walnut now that George III. is on the throne! I've just bought this in St. Martin's Lane from a man named Chippendale."

It so happens that in 1814 the poet Southey translated a series of letters which Don Manuel Espriella



FIG. 4. WITH A FIRE-SCREEN AND PRESS-OUT DRAWERS EACH SIDE: A SHERATON-TYPE WRITING-TABLE IN SATINWOOD.

This piece epitomises pretty well the ideals of a woman of taste of about 1795. It is in satinwood, with slender, tapering legs and a charming adjustable silk screen to protect delicate complexions from the fire. [Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.]

buyer must have understanding, or the maker is discouraged. For many years it has been customary to put the blame upon the new men enriched by the industrial revolution and without an adequate background, but this simply won't do. Why gird at the new rich when the old rich admired exactly the same ponderous furnishings, when bourgeois and aristocrat prayed to identically clumsy household gods? We all went downhill together.

IN HONOUR OF THE SHAH'S VISIT TO THE U.S.:
A NEW YORK EXHIBITION OF PERSIAN ART.



INCISED AND PAINTED WITH COPPER-GREEN AND IRON-BROWN GLAZES ON WHITE SLIP:
AN ELEVENTH-CENTURY AZERBAIJAN BOWL. (Lent by Dr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson Holmes.)



SIGNED BY MUHAMMAD IBN ABI'L HASAN AL-MUQRI: A KASHAN BOWL, EARLY THIRTEENTH-CENTURY, DECORATED WITH A HORSEMAN PAINTED IN OVER-GLAZE COLOURS.
(Asia Institute; Franklin Mott Gunther Bequest.)



GIVEN BY SULTAN SANJAR TO THE SHRINE OF IMAM REZA' MASHAD AND DATED 1137:
A MOSQUE CANDLESTICK IN SILVER, WITH A HISTORICAL INSCRIPTION.
(Boston Museum of Fine Arts; presented by Dr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson Holmes.)

An Exhibition of Persian Works of Art was assembled at the Asia Institute in New York by its Chancellor, Professor Arthur Upham Pope, in honour of the Shah's visit to America, which concluded early in January. The Exhibition concentrates on masterpieces, examples of special historical significance and pieces illustrating cultural relations in various periods between Persia and her neighbours. It includes over 100 objects sent by air from Persia and the Achæmenid gold treasure (illustrated in our issue of July 17, 1948), as well as a superb collection of textiles and many other outstanding objects. Dr. Edward Jackson Holmes, for some years Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and now its President, who has enriched the Museum with many gifts, has lent numerous important objects. The Mosque candlestick



ENGRAVED AND HEAVILY ENCRUSTED WITH SILVER: A SPLENDID TWELFTH-OR THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE EWER, FINEST OF THE "NAKHSHEVAN" SERIES.
(Lent by Dr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson Holmes.)

illustrated is unique on account of its historical inscription of dedication. The base has been beaten out of a single sheet of silver with no joinings at any point. The form of the "Nakhshevan" bronze ewer (so-called after a place in the Caucasus, where several were found) continues Sasanian traditions, but the opulent silver encrustations are thoroughly mediæval.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

USUALLY, enjoyment of a writer's last book implies a willingness to read the next. But there are exceptions; and I for one approached "The Boat," by L. P. Hartley (Putnam, 12s. 6d.) with alarm and despondency. After the Eustace novels—what? What remained but silence; after such enchantment and finality, a golden and complete silence. Nothing could ever be the same again.

It is, of course, hard luck on a novelist to have been so delightful that one feels he had better stop. But it is a hazard of success, and Mr. Hartley (I can't help thinking) was all alive to it. At least, he dodges it to admiration, quite simply, with a profound and devastating humour. Nothing shall be the same again. Eustace, or someone very like him, shall return—the old Eustace, wavering, apologetic, eager to please, for ever dreaming of beatitude and social apotheosis. There will be no mistaking him, though he is called Timothy. And yet he will not be the same, but a grey-haired double, Eustace *tel que l'ont vu les enfers*.

Gaze on the wretch, recall to mind
His golden days left long behind—
so says the epigraph, with cruel and comic felicity. The former pilgrim of the sky is on a shadow-progress through Hades.

Timothy, a bachelor of forty-nine, has left his golden days on the Brenta, where they were fleeting happily until the outbreak of war. And the curse is come upon him now in a furnished house at Upton-on-Swivel. Of course he took it with rosy plans. First, the boat: he has ensconced a lovely new boat within the stained-glass twilight of a boathouse much like a shrine. And then the bliss of popularity; he counts on being taken up. Not by the floating element of bright young things, who would regard him as an old fogey; but by the real neighbourhood of elderly, retired people—just his cup of tea. Alas, it turns out that the local gentry are fly-fishers. And if he tries to row on their preserved waters, there will be great ill-feeling.

It is the rift within the lute. At first it does not seem very grave; a little time, a little patience, all should be well. And so the months pass, and the years. And still his life is a solitude, his every move becomes a *faux pas*, and every dear gazelle he may incline to expires forthwith. One friend he has, and only one—that eccentric angel, the Rector's wife; but since a curse is on him, he deserts her for the blonde Vera, angel of darkness. With her the powers of darkness enter his dwindled being, and tune it to surprising ends.

Almost too surprising—for the secret purpose of the blonde makes one gasp, and as for Timothy, I thought he was having nightmares. Like Eustace, he is much addicted to fantasy; but in his daylight hours, even spell-bound, even demented by frustration, could he act thus? And yet perhaps he could; it is a long story, and extremely subtle, not to be plumbed in haste.

And it is so funny that it keeps one laughing out loud. Far funnier than Eustace—and yet all grey, all middle-aged and twilight. The romantic glow is quite gone; even the daydreams have been harshly pruned. Compare the treatment of the *grande dame* at Welshgate Hall with the celestial Anchorstone of Eustace. . . . Mr. Hartley seems to have plunged headlong into his later manner, and I only wish I had the space to say more about it.

In such a context, "The Young May Moon," by P. H. Newby (Cape; 9s. 6d.), looks small and bare, and somehow remote from life. Yet it has a plausible and solid framework. Mrs. Rice has died suddenly, and the home she ruled at once falls apart. The boy Philip is despatched to Wales with his Uncle Adrian, while Alec Rice, a cheerful widower, strolls into the blue. Philip is to learn baking from his uncle, and he doesn't mind that; but he is in deep grief, upset at leaving home, and completely shattered by the "secret" which is now told him. He is the son of Alec's first wife, who ran away. And her living image—so he must conclude that his father hates him. Why else should he have gone without a word, nobody knows where?

But Alec Rice is simply on a moral holiday. He is not thinking of his son, or thinking at all; one day he will return to life—but not yet awhile. And as for Laura, he has never stopped loving her, and never will. He is recalled to Philip by a strange messenger, in time to ward off a breakdown; and understanding is renewed. And it might convince; the other characters, so strongly marked, might be real. . . . But they decline to animate the scenes, which are much more vivid, like settings for a story which is not told.

"Dilemma," by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), has a kernel of excitement deeply buried in narrative, and to some extent resisting all exhumation. It is in journal form, because the hero must not know what is coming to him. He is a mild, serious, religious Devonshire squire, a conscientious landlord, and in short a nice man, but rather dull. His bosom friend, however, is a young Irish officer, all mercury and charm. They fall in love with the same girl, who is Irish too. She has known Patrick all her life, they are kindred spirits, and yet the sober Lyndon is her choice. Patrick takes it nobly, and it does not disturb their friendship. And the years roll by at Thorne House without a cloud, until the only son is almost grown up.

Then one day someone says he is more like Patrick than his own father. Lyndon is disagreeably affected—but throws it off. But it returns as an *idée fixe* a conscientious scruple, finally a revelation: Alfred must be kept out of Thorne. At first it seemed there could be no proof—but now the evidence is "massive," and always growing. Not to see it has become sheer perversity. In fact, since nobody believes a word of it, the whole world is blind or mad. This obsession ought to end in a mental home. It has a real, compelling force, although the long preamble is tedious, and the escape unlikely.

The scene of "Hunt the Tortoise," by Elizabeth Ferrars (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is a fishing village in the South of France. Celia was happy there before the war; and now she has returned to the Hotel Bienvenu in search of mental peace. But it is much changed. There is a sense of fear and strain, there are mysterious visitors, and rumours of sunken treasure. And the inmate Celia would like to like best is the most dubious of all. Of course, it ends in murder—and a neat enough problem. But the chief attraction is the style. It is a nice story, intelligent and full of grace.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TO draw a lost game is every bit as gratifying as to win an even one. Were the extraordinary drawn endings I am going to show this week better known, it is safe to say that many more games would be saved in ordinary club play.

The biggest unbalance of material in the final position which gives no win is probably two bare knights against a king. You can set up a position in which they have given mate (see DIAGRAM 1), but unfortunately for the would-be winner, this cannot be forced. (What was Black's last move?) Black need only keep his king away from the side of the board.

DIAGRAM 1.



Consequently, in a position such as shown in DIAGRAM 2 (in which, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, White would successfully shepherd in at least one of his pawns to queen), Black can within two moves force a drawn position, one which no master would think of playing on for a single move. The two moves are, of course: 1. . . . either Kt takes queen's pawn; 2. P x Kt, Kt x P. Whenever, early in a game, your opponent is left with two knights, possibly another piece or two and a few pawns, bear in mind that, should an emergency arise, you can sacrifice a lot of material to force a draw by leaving him with the two knights alone.

Another spectacular draw is that with the bare bishop and the "wrong" rook's pawn. If the queening square of the pawn is not covered by the bishop, and the defending king can reach it, there is no win. A critical position is seen in DIAGRAM 3. White has got as far as he can. If he moves his king any nearer, Black is stalemated.

(BLACK) DIAGRAM 2.



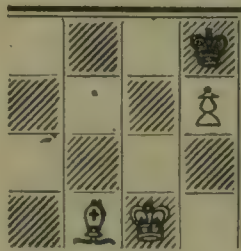
BLACK, TO MOVE.

The win with bare queen against bare rook is theoretically possible, but in practice so difficult that, in one Australian Championship game, the possessor of the queen failed to find the win within the fifty moves stipulated by the rules and the game was drawn. If the rook has one pawn to support it and the king, rook and pawn can get together, the win is theoretically attainable only in relatively few cases, and in those so difficult that few club players could find it in match play.

Even the mate with K, B and Kt v. bare king, though everybody knows it can be forced, is so difficult that you might well elect to set your opponent the task of forcing it within the magic fifty moves if nothing better offers.

In all these cases, the presence of a single pawn on the winning side completely transforms the situation, as a new motif, the queening of it, is superimposed on all the other play. So if you are steering for one of these "snap" draws, or, in fact, whenever you can smell a loss on the way, exchange off all the pawns you can!

(BLACK) DIAGRAM 3.



WHITE.

position through the most fogged of National Health spectacles, it is stimulating to be reminded of the many trades where the great traditions of English craftsmanship still remain—and of how ancient is their ancestry. Mr. Wymer has approached his subject with loving care, and the illustrations—medieval, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth or twentieth century—have the distinction one has come to expect in any book produced by Messrs. Batsford.

Much the same ground, though from another angle, is covered by Sir John Clapham in his "Concise Economic History of Britain—from the earliest times to A.D. 1750" (Cambridge University Press; 12s. 6d.). The book sounds as if it were going to be heavy—but it isn't. I am not a great admirer of economists when they set up as prophets of the future. When they are dealing with the ascertainable facts of the past they are on surer ground, and Sir John Clapham, as one of the most distinguished of economic historians, has produced an eminently readable book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE ENGLISH. THEIR FOOD AND HABITS.

IN the bad old days before the war, the days, that is to say, before chefs had lost heart through having to use inferior materials and before all meals in London restaurants were equally bad, I was lunching at Boulestin's with Hugo Wortham ("Peterborough," of the *Daily Telegraph*) and Oliver Bell, then Director of the British Film Institute. Hugo Wortham is a fine cook, an informed gourmet, and one of the best judges of claret in the country. We were discussing the late Sir Stephen Gaselee, for many years the beloved and scholarly Librarian of the Foreign Office, and allowing that he could be considered in the very front rank of British epicures. "Yes," said Hugo, "Yes." And then a little shadow of doubt, like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand passing across the sun, creased his forehead. "Yes," he went on, "I think so—but just occasionally I am not altogether sure he is sound on sauces."

This admirable remark should have been included in M. André Simon's admirable book "Food" (Burke Publishing Co.; 15s.). M. Simon has done more than most people to correct the barbaric habits of these islanders, and I hope that this book will be widely read as part of the uphill fight against food being regarded as merely joint and two veg.—the latter boiled to that point of tasteless sloppiness which delights the Briton and horrifies the foreigner. "The woman who takes no interest in what she wears," says M. Simon, "may consider herself a very superior person, but nobody else will: she is simply silly: lack of interest is the surest sign of lack of intelligence, and clothes are not meant merely to cover the body any more than food is meant to fill the stomach. The job has to be done with taste to be well done." And M. Simon goes on to show us how the job should be done—by quotations from the works of the great gourmets of the past, by accounts of past meals and noble wines which make one wish to go and hang Calorie-King Strachey on the nearest lamp-post, and by most practical advice on how best to treat all kinds of flesh and fowl—and vegetables. Of course, as in translating (shall we say) music into words, the delicate business of conveying the sensations of the taste buds will not appeal to every one. The language of your enthusiastic epicure is sometimes a little high-flown. But I feel that I know (and envy what I feel) when M. Simon writes, for example, "The magnum of 1870 (Ch. Lafite) hit the mark at once. Its bouquet greeted the nose with sweet authority; its flavour delighted first the tongue, then the nose, then the throat; it was a perfect wine, outstanding in sugar taste and smell, with the heavy grace of rich red velvet in a peer's robe." Crusade on, good M. Simon—and in the meanwhile thank you for a charming book.

Among the illustrations in M. Simon's book is the famous picture by Tissot called "the Picnic." This reappears as the frontispiece to "English Picnics," by Georgina Battiscombe (The Harvill Press; 9s. 6d.). One would scarcely have thought that even in a book which the authoress describes as "intended to amuse rather than instruct," there was sufficient in the subject to warrant a full volume. But, very divertingly, Miss Battiscombe has contrived it. "A picnic," she writes, "is the Englishman's grand gesture, his final defiance flung in the face of fate. No climate in the world is less propitious to picnics than the climate of England, yet with a recklessness which is almost sublime the English rush out of doors to eat a meal on every possible and impossible occasion"—instancing those desperate frozen meals "enjoyed" at point-to-points as an example of the latter. She traces the habit of alfresco eating from the miracle of St. Cuthbert of Durham, in Saxon times, through its various vicissitudes to the present day. Nowadays the joys of picnicking are restricted by austerity. Gone are those wonderful luncheon baskets that undergraduates could get from the College butchery, to be carefully stowed in punt or car in Eights week. Gone are such recommendations as these of the great Mrs. Beeton, for a small alfresco meal in 1906, and to cost £3 11s. 1d.: "5 lb. cold salmon, 2 cucumbers, mayonnaise sauce, 1 quarter of lamb, mint sauce, 8 lb. pickled brisket of beef, 1 tongue, 1 galantine of veal, 1 chicken pie, salad and dressing, 2 fruit tarts, cream, 2 dozen cheese cakes, 2 creams, 2 jellies, 4 loaves of bread, 2 lb. biscuits, 1 lb. of cheese, 1 lb. butter, 6 lb. strawberries." I doubt whether we puny modern mortals could even make a dent in such fare.

The book is illustrated with much charm, and I can assure the authoress that she has both amused and instructed one reader.

For the gardener as well as the herbalist, there is "Heart's Ease—Herbs for the Heart," by Mrs. C. Leyel (Faber; 21s.). This book, by a well-known writer on herbs, treats primarily of those herbs which are used for the ductless glands and the heart. But for the general reader it is a great deal more. It is an oblique guide to the countryside and to all the flowers and plants which are so often unregarded in our fields and hedgerows. And what splendid country names Mrs. Leyel has assembled! For the Heart's Ease itself she has found no fewer than twenty-five old country names, including such charming ones as "Herb Trinity or Johnny-jump-up-and-kiss-me." A most pleasant parade through the English countryside.

From the country we go back to the town with "English Country Crafts," by Norman Wymer (Batsford; 15s.). At a time when pessimists see our economic



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to H.M.
King George VI



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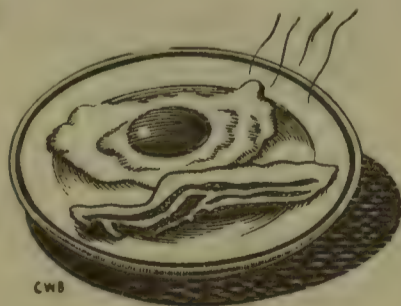
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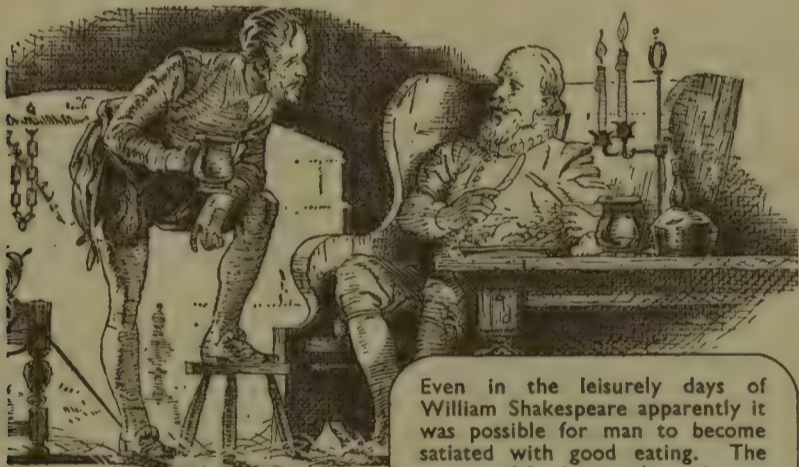
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the meat in his youth
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in his age.*

Shakespeare

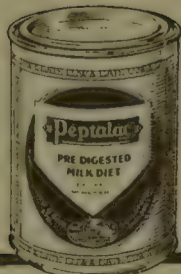
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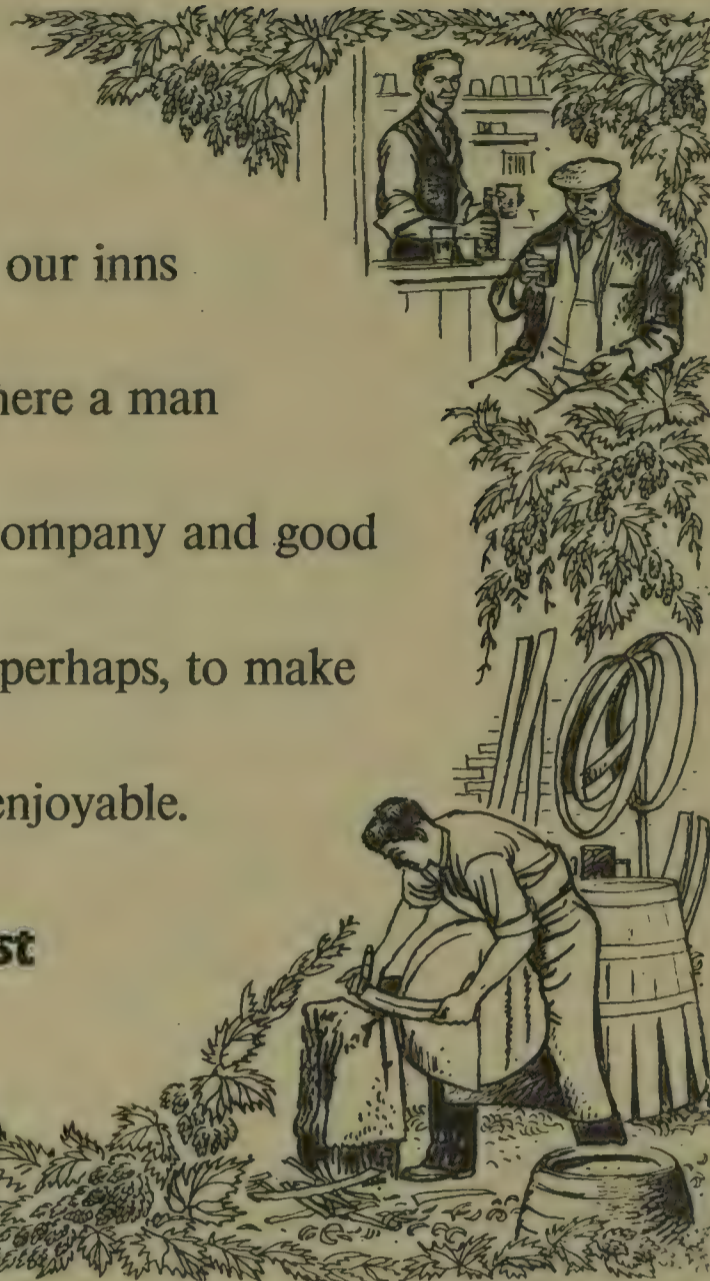
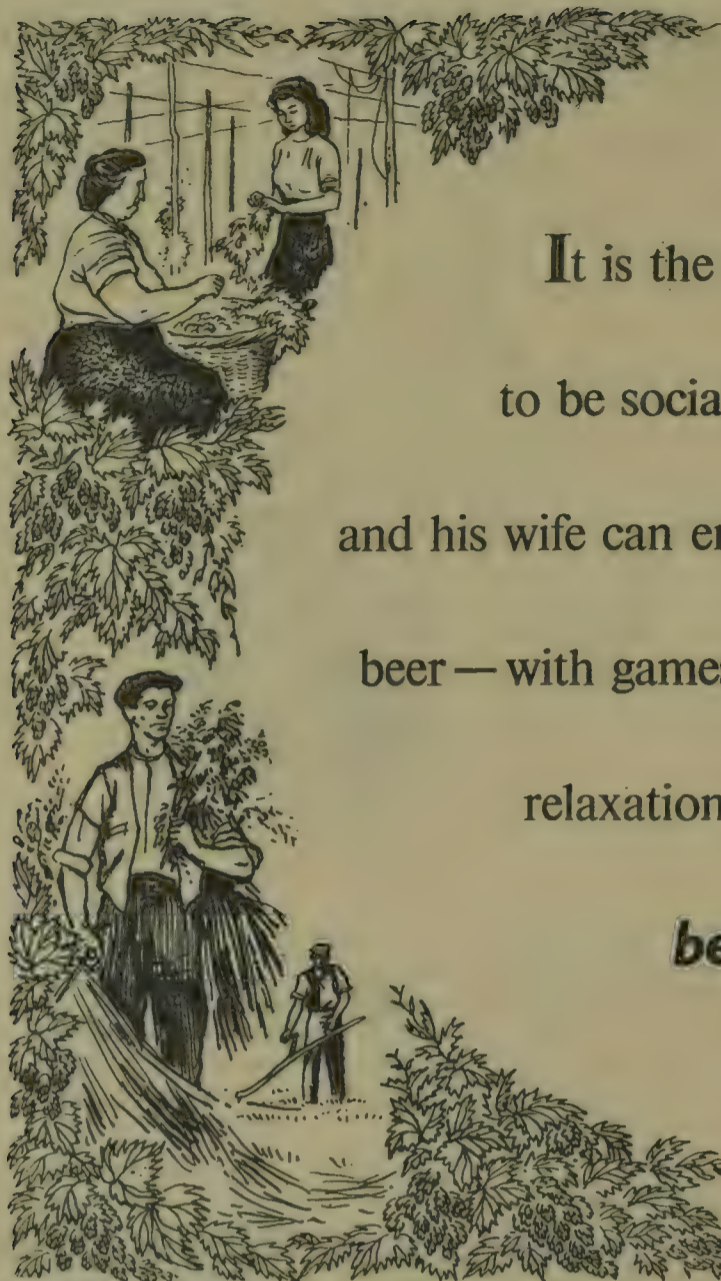
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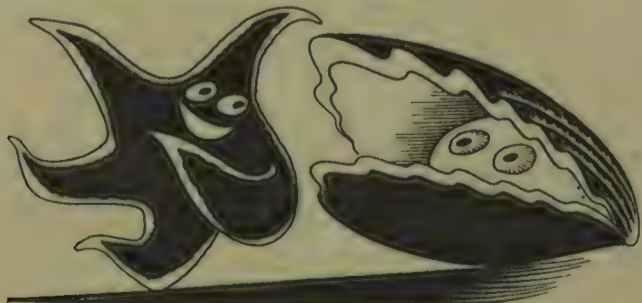
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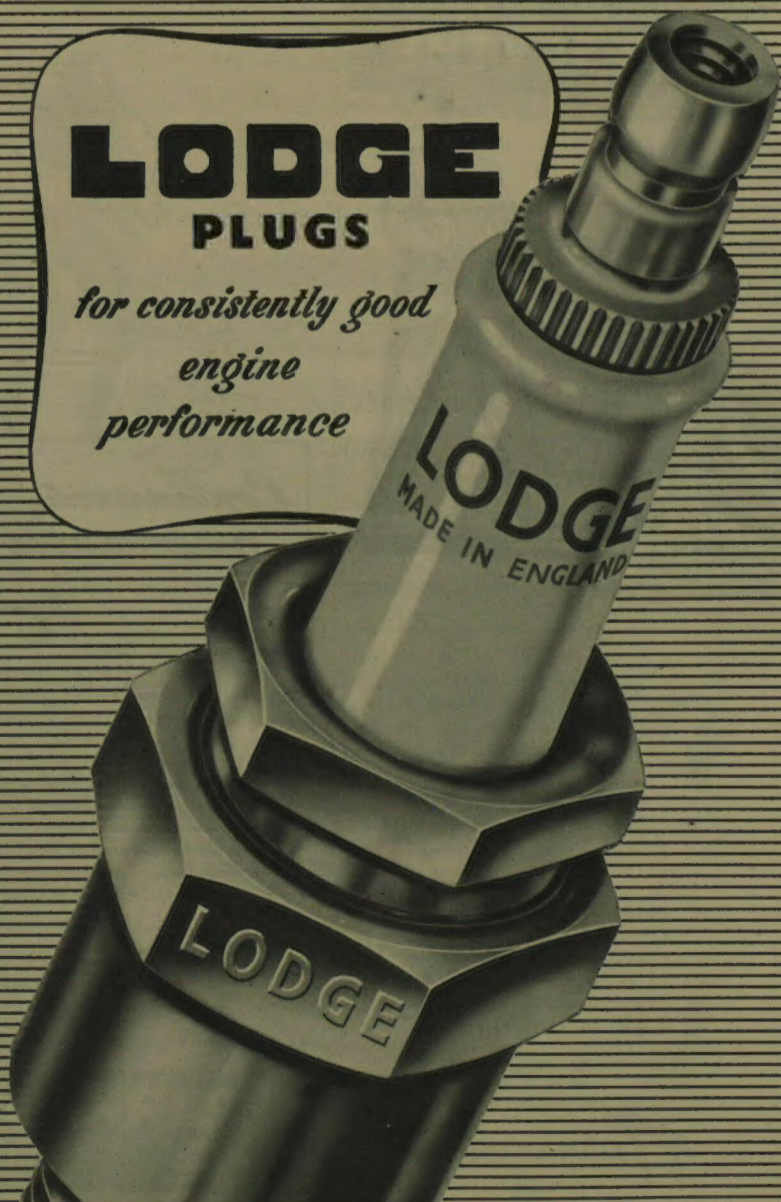
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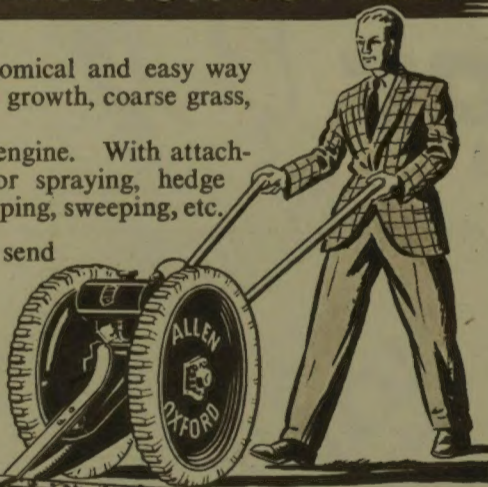
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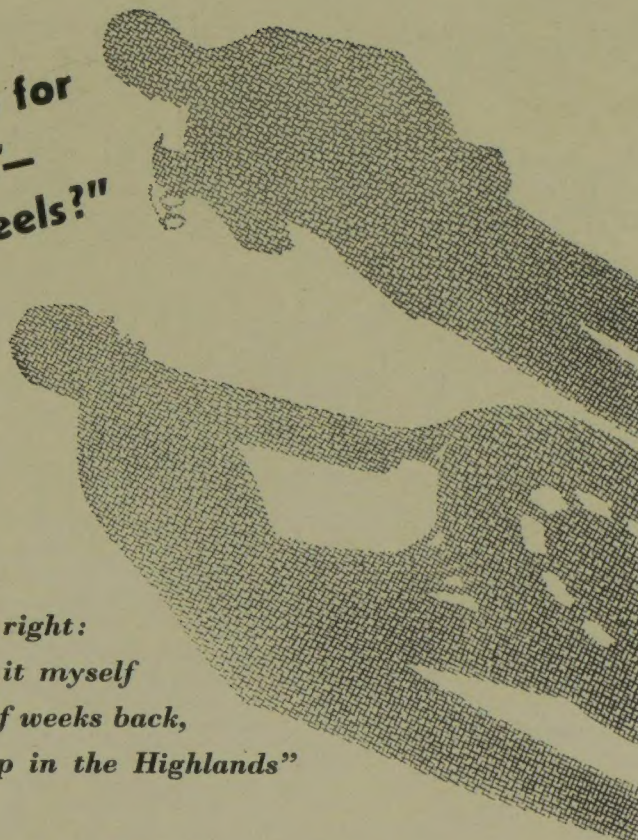
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